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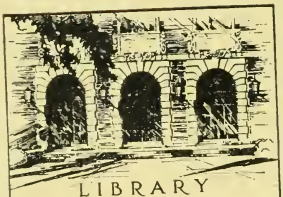

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# TO RIGHT THE WRONG

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# TO RIGHT THE WRONG

BY

EDNA LYALL

AUTHOR OF

"DONOVAN," "WE TWO," "KNIGHT-ERRANT,"
"IN THE GOLDEN DAYS," ETC.

But were it the meanest under-service, if God by His secretary conscience enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back.—MILTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1894.

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"In one sense indeed, what is gained by any great religious movement? What are all reforms, restorations, victories of truth, but protests of a minority: efforts clogged and incomplete, of the good and brave, just enough in their own day to stop instant ruin—the appointed means to save what is to be saved, but in themselves failures? Good men work and suffer, and bad men enjoy their labours and spoil them; a step is made in advance—evil rolled back and kept in check for a while, only to return perhaps the stronger. But thus, and thus only, is truth passed on and the world preserved from utter corruption."

DEAN CHURCH—*Anselm.*

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TO

HAMPDEN AND AMY JAMESON.

---

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be."

# PREFACE.

THE attempt made in these pages to sketch the character of John Hampden has been a task of much difficulty, owing to the scanty memorials of the great patriot which have been left. Nugent's *Life of Hampden*, Forster's short biography in his *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, and the brief character sketches of Clarendon, Echard, and others leave one hungering for more. Having learned from Dr. Gardiner that the accounts of Hampden's last moments given in almost all histories are now found to be incorrect, as they were based on Clough's untrustworthy pamphlet, I have ignored them, and have ventured to assume that his friend Arthur Goodwin was, as he himself imagined, the last to speak with him. In Webb's *Civil War in Herefordshire*, the following letter is given from Arthur Goodwin to his daughter Lady Wharton: "I am now heere at Hampden in doinge the last duty for the deceased owner of it, of whome every honest man hath a share in the losse, and therefore will likewise in the sorrowe. All his thoughts and endeavours of his life was zealously in for this cause of God's which he continued in all his sickness, even to his death; for all I can heere the last words he spake was to mee, though he lived six or seven howers after I came away as in a sleepe: truly, Jenny (and I know you may easily be persuaded to it), he was a gallant man, an honest man, an able man, and take all, I know not to any man living second. God in mercy hath rewarded him. . . I have writ to London for a blacke suite, I pray lett mee begg of you a broad black ribbon to hange about my stan-

darde. . . I would we could all lay it to heart, that God takes away the best amongst us."

The Earl of Buckinghamshire—who kindly showed me many things connected with his ancestor—still has in his possession a sixteenth-century chalice bearing the inscription, "From this cup John Hampden received the consecrated wine at the hands of Robert Lenthall, Rector of Great Hampden"; and as it appears from the church register that Lenthall was not formally inducted till November 30, 1643, but was apparently in charge of the parish in June, it may perhaps be fairly conjectured that the inscription on the chalice refers to Hampden's last sacrament.

Through the kindness of the Bishop of Durham and of Colonel Waller, I have been able to study the Letters, Aphorisms and Sermons of Whichcote, and the *Vindication* and *Divine Meditations* of Sir William Waller; of these memorials I have made free use for the conversations in which the two writers take part. I am also much indebted to Mr. Hyett of Painswick House for his interesting pamphlet, *Gloucester and her Governor during the Great Civil War*, and for the kind loan of *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis;* while to Canon Venables I owe much information about Lincoln in olden days. The fresco named "The Ladder of Salvation," or the "Ladder of Life," mentioned in Chapter XIII., Vol. 3, may now be seen in Chaldon Church, near Caterham, the white-wash having some years ago been removed; and the pamphlet, quoted in the same chapter, was published anonymously in the time of the Commonwealth.

I should like to add that, in common with all students of the seventeenth century, I feel under the deepest obligation to Dr. Gardiner for his *History of the Great Civil War*, and owe him, indeed, my special thanks for a book which cheered many tedious hours of illness.

EDNA LYALL.

# TO RIGHT THE WRONG.

## CHAPTER I.

Two lads, that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.—SHAKSPERE.

THE hot rays of a July sun were beating down upon two riders who, with tired and foam-flecked steeds, were making their way along a ridge of country overlooking the fens of Lincolnshire. All about them lay the wide green expanse, gleaming here and there with the watery tracks which divided the few reclaimed fields, for in Lincolnshire, as a wit once remarked, "the very hedges are ditches."

Apparently, however, neither the heat nor the monotony of the landscape affected

the spirits of the travellers, who were talking and laughing merrily enough. They were both young—standing that day, as it were, at the threshold of manhood—for they had just taken their degree at Cambridge, and now "the world lay all before them," and to each the prospect with its unknown chances and opportunities seemed good.

Although there was no striking likeness between the two, it was easy to tell by their voices and by certain tricks of expression and bearing that they were brothers, and possibly on account of the essential unlikeness of their characters they were also the closest friends. Joscelyn Heyworth, the elder of the two by a year, was the more striking and original, he was also on account of his *bonhomie* and his ready wit the more popular, while a sort of latent strength and unexpected force of character which showed itself now and then beneath his light-hearted sociability, attracted to him almost invariably those of the highest type. The younger brother, Dick, though

possessing much of Joscelyn's charm, was lacking in the strength as well as in the brilliancy so noticeable in the elder brother. He was less to be depended on—drifting sometimes from sheer good-nature into dangers from which the other's less pliable nature ran no risk whatever. On the other hand, in evenness of temper the younger was far superior to the elder, and if Dick needed on occasion to be helped out of some scrape, or prevented by Joscelyn from sowing his wild oats, Joscelyn needed very often indeed to be roused from the fits of deep melancholy to which, in common with most high-spirited people, he was liable. The two were like David and Jonathan, being all the more dependent on each other because circumstances had thrown them together almost constantly; and on this summer morning there was nothing to warn them of coming changes, nothing to make them realise how important a date this 13th day of July in the year 1642 was to prove for each of them.

"Thank heaven! there is Lincoln Minster

at last!" exclaimed Joscelyn, as he perceived far in advance the grand central tower, and the smaller towers of the west front with their lead-covered spires clearly outlined against the sky.

"Hurrah for the jolly Spread Eagle and a draught of good ale!" said Dick, pushing back the hair from his forehead. "This sun is grilling! We will put up our horses below hill and go up in the cool of the day to pay our respects to your old godfather."

"I hate the thought of coming to this place no more," said Joscelyn, looking over the green plain to the towers of the lower city, and to the hill beyond, cross-crowned by its glorious cathedral.

"Who knows that we shall come no more?" said Dick, lightly; "Mr. Gainsborough may live to be a hundred years old for aught we know."

Joscelyn shook his head.

"Now that our Cambridge days are over the visits here will no longer be a saving of money but an expense. We shall be kept down in the south. You will see, we shall

settle down at Shortell and turn into Hampshire hogs!" He stifled a sigh and laughed.

"A Hampshire hog, a Surrey dog, or a Sussex boor," said Dick, with a grimace. "We are near enough to the boundaries of all three counties to leave us some choice. Do you guess our father's intentions towards us?"

Joscelyn shook his head.

"Naught has been said; in my last letter I told him of our wish to travel. Maybe at Lincoln he will send us some reply."

"He did not grudge it to Jervis, but he will grudge it to us," said Dick, with an oath. "Would to God you were the first-born instead of Jervis! I might then have stood a chance of receiving something better than snubs. 'Tis a wretched lot to be merely second and third fiddle all one's born days."

"Nay, you have little cause to grumble," said Joscelyn. "Was it not ever the youngest son who proved successful in all the nursery tales? But I—the prosaic

middle one in a family of five—have nothing before me but mediocrity to the end of the chapter. Jervis must be home again from the grand tour by now. I wonder if he is at Shortell, or if he has already joined my father at York."

"At Beverley, you should say. The Court has left York by this. Great heaven! Just look yonder! Why the road is black with people!" The two brothers, who had journeyed that morning from Grantham, were now approaching the Eleanor Cross just outside the city, the first of the long series of monuments marking the resting-places of King Edward's wife, and terminating at the village of Charing, near London.

At this point a road from the south-west joined the one they had been travelling on, and it was clear that from this western quarter some great arrival was expected, for on either side the way was lined with people in holiday trim.

Joscelyn, who loved excitement and delighted in crowds, urged on his steed till, on reaching the Eleanor Cross, he paused

to ask an old countryman what was the meaning of the unusual stir.

"Marry, God bless your heart, master, his Majesty the King be a-coomin' from Newark," replied the man, lifting a wrinkled and weather-beaten face to his questioner. "Oh, ay, it be true as gospel, and I've left my be-usts (cattle) that I may clap eyes on him."

"The King coming here!" exclaimed Joscelyn; "I wonder if my father will be in his train? If so, Dick, good luck for us. We will do what we can to get leave to travel, and who knows but my godfather may put in a word for us?"

"Perchance my father will wish us to join the King's army," said Dick, whose heart stirred strangely within him at the sight of the people's enthusiasm. "After all 'tis somewhat churlish to set off travelling to foreign parts when our swords might be of use in defending both Church and King —in upholding the divine right of——"

"For God's sake let us have no politics!" said Joscelyn, with an air of impatience and

distaste. "As for me," and he laughed a hearty, boyish laugh, "I hold with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and had 'as lief be a Brownist as a politician.' What do you say, shall we wait here and see the entry?"

"Better push on," said Dick, "we shall get no stabling for the horses else. The city is certain to be crowded."

"True. That's a prudent thought," replied Joscelyn. "What good fortune to come in for such a pageant! 'Tis a good omen that our manhood opens with such a stroke of luck."

With keen interest he watched the busy preparations and the eager people, making laughing comments to his brother as they passed by. Many glances were turned upon him, for, as one old gossip remarked to another, he was indeed "a sight for sair een" as he rode that day into the city of Lincoln.

His face was a powerful as well as a handsome one; there was power in the square jaw and prominent chin, power in

the low broad forehead, and both intellect and humour in the far-seeing, dark-blue eyes which, with his sunny and laughter-loving nature, had been the bequest of his Irish grandmother. As though to soften the rather stern features, his complexion was unusually fair, while the thick wavy mass of hair reaching to his shoulders was of so golden a colour that one might have dropped guineas among it. He wore the picturesque costume of the time in light-grey cloth, a broad grey felt hat with blue plumes, and high riding-boots.

Richard Heyworth was also a handsome fellow, his hair and colouring several shades darker than his brother's, and his honest grey eyes full of good-humour. But whereas Joscelyn was broad-shouldered, lean, and sinewy, evidently a born athlete, Dick was small-made, long-necked, and rather inert-looking, so that naturally one would have expected the warlike spirit to animate the elder brother, and the desire to visit the cities of the Continent to have filled the mind of the younger. While, however,

Dick at Cambridge had invariably been ready to drink confusion to the Roundheads and to argue with all the heat and ignorance of youth, Joscelyn had always turned a deaf ear to the vexed question of the day. He hated strife and loved merriment—politics bored him, and though the country seemed to stand on the very brink of war, he still held aloof from all consideration or discussion of the problem that was dividing England. He was one of those who cannot see matters of this sort in the abstract, one of those who sleep calmly on till wakened by the actual presence of the problem incarnate—till some individual case of wrong clutches hold of them and shakes them from a pleasant dreamland into the light of truth.

Lincoln in those days must have been one of the most striking cities in England, and to Joscelyn Heyworth it was a place full of pleasant associations, for happy as his life had been, and much as he loved the old Hampshire home, yet it was here, at Lincoln, that he had first tasted the

delights of freedom. At Shortell Manor he was for ever being reminded that he was merely one of the younger sons, and though the Heyworths were a singularly united family, with a strong feeling for the ties of blood, yet Lady Heyworth ruled somewhat sternly, and Sir Thomas treated all but Jervis and Isabella, the eldest daughter, with a good deal of kindness but with scant consideration. At Lincoln naturally enough all was different, and it was with a gay heart and friendly eyes that Joscelyn glanced up at the great Bargate, the first of the gate-houses protecting the city on the south. With something of the pride of an actual citizen, too, he looked at the beautiful church of St. Botolph, and fording the great Gowt—a watercourse which at that time traversed the High Street—rode past the old Saxon towers of St. Peter-at-Gowts and St. Mary-le-Wigford on the right hand, the more modern churches of St. Mark and St. Benedict on the left, and with no small difficulty forced a passage through the

great crowd of people on the High Bridge.

"Let us see if there is stabling to be had at the Spread Eagle," said Dick.

But one of the ostlers promptly assured them that there was no room at all in the inn, many of the gentry having come to the city that day to do honour to his Majesty. Finding the same state of things at the Saracen's Head, the brothers betook themselves to the George Inn, a quaint old timber building with an upper storey overhanging the narrow High Street and gaining a fine view of the Stonebow, another of the city gate-houses.

By the time they had donned their best suits, and made as good a meal as might be obtained from the excited people of the inn, the crowd without had enormously increased, and though Joscelyn was not without a desire to be down in the thick of it, he yielded to his brother's assurances that they would see all that was to be seen far better from the window of the George. So with the casement flung wide they

established themselves comfortably on the broad window-seat, and with a dish of strawberries within easy reach idly awaited the event of the day, chatting as comfortably and unconcernedly as though beneath this popular gathering there lurked no grim shadow of coming strife.

"Look! look!" cried Dick, "here come whole troops of clergy filing through the Stonebow! We shall see your godfather among them. How far do they go to meet his Majesty?"

"There walks the Dean," said Joscelyn, "and good Lord! what hosts of them! why the place is all a-crawl with parsons. They can push their way no farther, they mean to wait here. And see! from the other quarter comes our jolly old 'herde-groome' that we met at the cross; he is determined to clap eyes on the King from the best possible point."

He turned back to the room for a fresh handful of strawberries, then leant out once more, his eyes full of merriment, for to an acute observer a crowd will generally

furnish plenty of fun. He was intent on throwing down strawberries to a child just below in its mother's arms, when shouts from the distance warned them that his Majesty was at length coming. The dense throng in the street cheered lustily; cries of "A King! a King! a King!" echoed on all sides, and the general enthusiasm touched Joscelyn, it even brought the tears to his eyes. "What a thing it must be to have such love as this thrown at one's feet!" he thought. "A king must surely be moved by such a sight, must burn to serve his people." And with an eager desire which he had never before felt he longed to see the face of his sovereign, realising through the loving welcome of the crowd something of the strength of the King's position, something too of its dread responsibility.

And now indeed the procession was actually in sight, and looking down the High Street he could see the frantic waving of hats, the drawn swords of the gentry eager to swear their readiness to fight,

and, surrounded by the guard, his Majesty himself, the one unmoved person in the whole vast assembly. With reverent loyalty fast changing to a sort of dread curiosity, Joscelyn gazed fixedly at the approaching King. Charles, unfortunately, had none of the genial bearing and habit of courting popularity which had stood the Tudors in such good stead, and without which their despotic government would never have been tolerated; his affections were strictly limited to his domestic circle, and in no sense of the word could he be called the father of his people; cold, indifferent, reserved, he had nothing to give in return for all the devotion of this multitude.

"Vivat Rex! Vivat Rex!" shouted the hundreds of clergy ranged on either side of the street: and in the words of a pamphleteer of the day, an eye-witness of the scene, "His Majesty vouchsafed a princely recognition of this dutiful expression."

So narrow was the street, so overhanging the upper storey of the inn, that the two brothers at their window were on a level

with the King and quite near to him. Dick Heyworth stood, sword in hand, huzzaing with all the strength of his lungs, but Joscelyn seemed like one struck dumb, he forgot himself altogether, and merely stood there in the window watching, as though his very life depended on it, the cold, handsome face and dignified bearing of the King.

At that moment a cry was raised which overpowered by its strange contrast the shouts of welcome. To the right of the Stonebow, from the Prison Lane, a man came elbowing his way through the crowd.

"Justice!" he cried, "justice!" and the word rang out with a passionate pain indescribable.

Joscelyn's heart gave a bound, he looked at this daring unit in the throng who had ventured to uplift his voice. For an instant he saw him distinctly, and all his life he could recall the sight. A bloodless face lined with suffering, dark hair closely cropped after the fashion of the extreme section among the Puritans, a nose slit by

the shears of the executioner, ghastly scars where there should have been ears; a mere wreck of a man, in fact, a living witness to the barbarous intolerance of the age, for he was clearly no criminal, the face though tinged with fanaticism was nevertheless a good face. It was only for a minute that he was visible, for the people turned upon him in fury, and with oaths and blows he was hustled off the scene. The King, no more affected by the incident than he would have been by the hum of a wasp or the drone of a bee, turned to Sir John Monson and commanded him to read the speech which had been prepared by his Majesty for the occasion. This ceremony ended, the city delivered its congratulations by the Recorder, Sir Charles Dalison, and the King, returning a gracious extempore answer, passed through the Stonebow and bowed to the Corporation, which awaited him with a full appearance of their trained bands.

Meanwhile Joscelyn Heyworth had awaked from his dream; he had realised that there were grievances which called for redress,

and he had learnt that the King was utterly unmoved by these grievances; his heart was all in a tumult, he turned hastily to the old landlady who had been looking from one of the other windows at the King's entry.

"Who was that Roundhead fellow that cried out for justice?" he asked. "Doth he belong to these parts?"

"Why, yes, master," said the good dame, wondering at the question. "He be well known in Lincoln. 'Tis John Drake the schoolmaster, he was sent to prison in foreign parts. The Parliament they released him."

"Why was he imprisoned?" asked Joscelyn.

"He wrote a book against the Bishops," said the landlady, "and the Star Chamber condemned him for it to the pillory, and that was how he lost his ears and the shape of his nose, to say nothing of his money; and when he coom back from prison, why he found his wife and children had died, and it's my belief that half turned his

brain, for though before he was a peaceable, harmless man, yet now he be always, as you saw him to-day, wild-like and crying for justice."

Joscelyn thought of the people who had kicked and hustled him out of sight, and he thought of the King's cold indifference; had they treated a dog even in such a way surely one might have expected a shade of pity or concern on the face of a good and compassionate man; and this fanatic, this mutilated schoolmaster, was one of the King's own subjects.

"Where doth the fellow live?" he asked, filled with an unaccountable desire to make up to the poor man for the ill-treatment he had received.

"Well, I've heard folks say that he lodges at the Jew's house on Steep Hill," said the landlady. "Not the one opposite the Bull Ring, but what they call the House of Aaron the Jew, well-nigh at the top o' the hill."

The conversation was interrupted by an exclamation from Dick.

"Good luck, Joscelyn! good luck!" he cried. "See, here rides my father."

Joscelyn returned to the window, and the perplexity died out of his face as he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Why, as I'm a living man!" he cried, "there's Jervis riding beside him, wearing a lovelock a yard long, tied with sky-blue ribbons!"

"The grand tour has changed him mightily," said Dick. "Was there ever such a dandy? See how my father defers to him—there's after all little hope for us, I fear."

But Joscelyn had ceased to think of the future, he was only intent on catching his father's eye, and bluff Sir Thomas, presently perceiving him, called out a hearty greeting and bade him hasten below and meet them.

Both Joscelyn and Dick hurried down to the door, and Sir Thomas dismounting embraced them, looking them over from head to foot not without a good deal of fatherly pride.

"Glad to see you, my sons! glad to see you!" he said. "Why, Jervis, it's an age since you set eyes on them."

Jervis's greeting was decidedly flavoured with patronage, and Joscelyn was glad to turn again to his father.

"You have ridden straight from Newark, sir?" he asked.

"Ay, right away, and we are well-nigh broiled," said the baronet, taking off his beaver and wiping his red face as they mounted the stairs.

He was a fine-looking man of about fifty, but appearing older on account of his grey hair and shaggy grey eye-brows. His eyes, rather small and deep-set, were of a clear, light blue, utterly unlike the Irish blue of Joscelyn's; his mouth betrayed an irritable temperament, but in other details he was not unlike his second son; there was the same rather stern profile, the same tall, broad-shouldered frame, and the same strange attractiveness which made him, with all his faults, a most lovable man.

"We left Cambridge but yesterday, sir,"

explained Joscelyn, as they entered the parlour once more, "slept last night at the Angel at Grantham, and rode on here just in time to see the King's entry. We had no notion his Majesty was expected."

"It was but a hastily-devised plan," said Sir Thomas, setting down his tankard of ale and calling for a plate of beef. "We have had naught but chopping and changing of late; first from York to Beverley, where his Majesty hath a fine set of troops ready to fight the Parliamentary villains; thence to Hull, which is still held by the traitor Hotham; after that to Newark, and so here. Jervis and I must return with the Court to-morrow to Beverley, but as for you two lads, you had best return to Shortell at once and help to execute the commission of array. On your way down you can stop to consult with your uncle at Bletchingley, and ere long I shall be at home to see to matters myself."

"Do you mean, sir, that you intend to raise a troop?" asked Joscelyn, all his old perplexity returning.

"Why, of course, lad, of course; what else would you have me do? Things would be come to a pretty pass indeed if an English gentleman hesitated to put all he had at the disposal of his King. I thank God that He has given me wealth and health and three stalwart sons to join with me against the foe."

Jervis, who had taken a place at the table just opposite to Joscelyn, watched him critically during this speech.

"Methinks Cambridge is somewhat behind the times," he said, with a smile. "Joscelyn has the air of one roused from the land of books to the work-a-day world. In the words of the proverb, 'This cock will not fight.'"

Joscelyn flushed angrily and turned to his father.

"I have kept aloof from politics, sir," he said; "and this certain news of war, this active preparation, bursts on me as a surprise. I had always thought some peaceful settlement would be made. For the rest, if war indeed come, I can

fight for the right as well as any other Englishman."

"Bravely spoken!" said Sir Thomas. "Come, boys, let us have a toast: Confusion to the King's enemies!"

"Confusion to the King's enemies!" echoed the three sons, but as Joscelyn drank there darted into his mind an uncomfortable question—

"And who are his true enemies?"

It was exactly as though a voice spoke the words into his ear, and indeed the question was the last that would have naturally occurred to him. Startled and agitated, he pushed back his chair, and crossing the room gazed out of the window again at the crowded street. The motley gathering, however, had no longer any charms for him; like one in a dream he watched the people fighting their way through the three arches of the Stonebow, while above them, carved on the old gatehouse in strange contrast of repose, he could see the representation of the Virgin Mary trampling underfoot the dragon as she

received the message of the Archangel Gabriel. His peace-loving nature turned with relief to the calm picture in stone. At least of this he was sure, that in the end evil was to be overpowered by good. Whatever else was uncertain there remained the one great certainty, that peace and goodwill should ultimately reign among men. For Joscelyn had a sort of vigorous faith which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength; and the vague discomfort that had now seized upon him came solely from his dread of doing wrong through his political ignorance. An unexpected call had come to him to help his father in executing the commission of array, and but a few minutes before he had become conscious that the question at issue was a painfully complicated one, and that for him at any rate it was now impossible to rush into the King's service without trying to gain a true understanding of the actual quarrel.

And yet how was this possible for him? With the best intentions, how could he now all at once gain the knowledge he so sorely

needed? In a miserable state of unrest, with a suppressed dread which he failed to understand, he tried desperately to see where his duty lay, and while still making as though he were absorbed in contemplation of the crowd, he was really praying with the passionate fervour of one who sees himself encompassed by perils. Then he stood still and waited in expectancy, but all that came to him was the trampling of feet and the buzz of tongues from the street below, while from within came the sound of Jervis's voice, singing, not too soberly, a mocking song of the day.

"Come, let the state stay
And drink away,
There is no business above it;
It warms the cold brain,
Makes us speak in high strain,
He's a fool that does not approve it.
The Macedon youth
Left behind him this truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking;
He drunk and he fought,
Till he had what he sought;
The world was his own by good drinking."

The words fell jarringly on his ear. Was this devil's argument to be shouted out so

clearly, and was no help to come to him in his perplexity? All at once he remembered his old godfather. If he could not see a way out of his difficulties there was at any rate something he ought to do at the present moment, and finding Dick little disposed to go with him, he set forth alone, relieved to get out of the inn parlour into the gay, crowded High Street.

## CHAPTER II.

> It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind—what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinion, both of men and things!—that trifles light as air should waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immovably within it, that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it!
>
> STERNE.

THE fresh summer air and the bright sunshine soon restored Joscelyn's mind to its usual happy content. Passing the churches of St. Peter-at-Arches, St. Lawrence, and St. Martin, he entered the Strait, a gloomy, narrow thoroughfare leading from the High Street to the foot of Steep Hill. Here he overtook some old friends, Henry Barrington and his pretty sister, and what with their

merry talk and the bright eyes of Mistress Anne, future cares were driven still farther into the background.

"You must come to us this evening," she said, gaily. "We are to have a dance in honour of his Majesty's visit. How lucky that you should have arrived in time for this gala-day."

"Nay, come and stay with us altogether," said Henry Barrington; "for, as no doubt you have heard, old Mr. Gainsborough is taken ill, and you will have but a dull time of it there."

"Is he ill?" said Joscelyn, anxiously. "I had heard naught of that. I must go on at once and ask how he does. And for your invitation to the dance, Mistress Anne, I gladly accept it."

She gave him a bright, mischievous glance, for Joscelyn Heyworth was one of the three admirers whom she favoured, and stood quite apart from a score or so of less fortunate adorers. At present, however, he was not so much in love with her as he had once fancied was the case, merely regarding

her as the prettiest girl he had as yet seen and the pleasantest to talk with.

Having parted with them towards the top of the hill, and watched the last glimpse of Anne's blue skirt as it turned the corner, he suddenly came back to his perplexities with a pang of remembrance, at sight of the Jew's house which he was just approaching. In a moment the scene at the Stonebow flashed back into his mind, and once more that unwelcome voice spoke to him with startling clearness: "Go, see him at once—he was unjustly used."

Not without a certain reluctance he approached the old stone house, and, pausing at the Norman doorway, knocked for admittance.

"What is your will?" said a pale-faced woman, opening to him.

"I came to inquire after a Mr. John Drake; they told me he lodged here," said Joscelyn.

The woman looked doubtfully at his dress and at the mane of golden hair; she seemed half inclined to shut the door in his

face, but the kindly look in his blue eyes disarmed her.

"If you wish him well, sir, step in," she said; "but he has not long to live, and I will not have him pestered at the last."

"What!" cried Joscelyn. "You don't mean that he was seriously injured by the crowd?"

"No," she replied. "'Twas not the crowd that killed him, 'twas his own excitement. He had been ill in bed for a se'nnight or more, but to-day, when my back was turned, he dressed himself and went down-hill, being frantic-like at news of the King's entrance. I'm naught but his landlady; yet, sir, I care for him as though he were my own kin."

She led the way into an inner room, where, in the somewhat dim light, Joscelyn presently descried the face that had haunted him, almost as white now as the pillow it lay upon. John Drake fixed his dark eyes on the stranger for a minute, then turned to his landlady.

"I would see none but the godly in my last extremity," he said.

"Nay, sir," said the good woman. "But this gentleman hath a kind heart, and would know how you fare. Maybe he is, after all, a godly youth."

"His clothing is too bright, and his hair is not of the godly cut," said the Puritan.

At any other time Joscelyn would have laughed aloud, but in the near presence of death a sort of awe stilled even his keen sense of humour. He felt nothing but a desire to help in some way this man who had been slowly done to death.

"Don't heed me," he said; "I am only one who saw the doings just now at the Stonebow, and would fain have sheltered you from the rough usage. Is there aught I could do for you now?"

The dying man did not speak for some minutes, he only looked steadfastly at his visitor; it was as if he now saw something beyond the fashionable clothes and the gay colours and the long hair.

"I misjudged you, sir," he said at length.

"'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' Nay, there is little I need, now; the prison life sowed the seeds of death in me, and sorrow and want have finished the work."

His very lack of complaint touched Joscelyn; he looked down on the poor, marred face with infinite pity. What a life this man had led! what misery he had endured! how cruel had the world been to him! and now he was dying, and the time for "kindly deeds and offices of good" was over.

"I wish your life had been less sad, sir," he said, with a sort of break in his voice, "and I wish there were aught I could do for you."

The dying man started up with sudden energy, and caught his hand with an eager, almost convulsive, grasp.

"Too late for me," he said, "but in God's name think of the thousands in like case. Give your life for England and her liberties. Fight for justice—for justice!"

With that word on his lips—the first

word and the last that Joscelyn had heard him speak—John Drake fell back upon the pillow. His troubled life was over.

Joscelyn staggered back from the bedside, feeling as if some one had dealt him a stunning blow. Within a couple of hours there had come to him a call to arms from either side. His father bade him help to prepare a troop in Hampshire, this dying Puritan solemnly adjured him, in the name of God, to fight for the liberties of England. It seemed to him the very irony of fate that this should have happened to one whose tastes were wholly peaceful, and he wondered impatiently why he could not return to his old, comfortable, easy-going life. But his sleep was over, his dream ended; already his boyhood seemed far behind, and life—hard, perplexing, baffling life—lay before him.

Then he remembered that he must hasten on to see old Mr. Gainsborough, if possible; and full of anxiety to find out the truth about his illness, he took a hurried leave of the landlady of the Jew's house, and,

mounting the rest of the hill, made his way through the Exchequer Gate into the Close —or, as it was usually called, the Minster Yard.

From the north-west tower Great Tom of Lincoln rang solemn welcome to the King, and in the sunshine of that summer afternoon the rich Norman work of the west front seemed to Joscelyn more perfect than ever; he wondered whether John Drake had grudged the beauty of the cathedral, and whether, if he and his like had their way, all the noblest buildings in England would be levelled with the ground. Walking past the beautiful Galilee porch, and the still more beautiful south doorway, he imagined to himself an army of John Drakes at work with hammer and axe, not for their legitimate use but for destruction —for sawing off, perhaps, the exquisitely-chiselled head of the Christ in the centre of the south doorway, or for dragging the stone saints from their niches. This side of Puritanism revolted him; and yet the memory of the dead man, of his poor

mutilated face, of his pitiful story, kept returning to him till his wrath against the image-breakers turned to wrath with the cruelties of Laud, and in resenting the defacing of human beings he forgot to think of the foolish attacks on art.

Mr. Gainsborough lived in an old red-tiled house facing the east end of the cathedral, and near the chapter-house. It was long and low, with curious old windows dating from the reign of Edward III. Joscelyn noticed that the curtains of his godfather's bedroom were closely drawn, and the moment the old serving-man opened the door to him he saw that Henry Barrington had not exaggerated the news of the illness.

"The master will never be about again," explained the old servant in reply to his question. "He may linger on for a time, they say, but can never be better any more."

"Will he see me?" asked Joscelyn.

"Yes, sir, yes; come in. No fear but that he'll see you." And entering a dark passage,

Joscelyn followed the man up a strange, twisting staircase, built in the thickness of the wall, till he reached the sick-room. Here, lying on a quaintly-carved bedstead with a heavy oak canopy, he found his old friend, and his heart sank within him as he saw how wan and changed he was. The invalid looked him over, from head to foot, with something of the pride of a father, his eyes lighting up and his strength and energy returning as he questioned him about his success at Cambridge. Joscelyn told all gladly enough. But presently there came a pause, which was broken at length by the old man.

"And now, my son," he said, "what will you do with your life?"

"Ah, sir," cried Joscelyn, "that is the question that is haunting me. What can I do? What ought I to do?"

Then with perfect frankness he told all the story of that day, and of the strange way in which its events had impressed him. "Only counsel me," he prayed, "and I will gladly follow your counsel."

"Nay," said the old man, shaking his head, "how can I do that, lad, when I, too, am sorely perplexed? God in His mercy will take me away from these troubled times, in which we see but through a glass darkly. And as for you—why you must seek for wisdom where only it can be found."

"Yet if you do not know, sir, how can I hope to do so?" said Joscelyn.

"We can always see as far as the next needful step," said the dying man. "The days of my pilgrimage are over, but yours are only beginning—therefore be sure light will come."

"But there is no time," said Joscelyn, his voice full of distress. "To-morrow I must go back to Hampshire, must set actively to work in the King's cause. My father has already commanded me."

"Lad," said the old man, starting up eagerly, "do nothing in this matter till you can do it with your whole heart and soul; you can serve neither King nor country till you have the consciousness of right.

Let your motto through life be *Mens conscia recti*—without that your work will be worthless."

"I am full of ignorance," said Joscelyn, despondently. "How can I judge—how even search into all these vital questions? And besides, as I said, there is no time, I must set out to-morrow. And to speak of examining into the rights of the case would almost madden my father, who deems the King irresponsible, and of necessity in the right."

"True, and as yet you do not know but that you may come to see with him," said the invalid, musingly. Then after a silence —"But see, lad, you commit yourself to nothing by riding home to Shortell Manor, and, as you ride, pray for guidance. There is only one help for a man in your plight. 'Where shall wisdom be found? And where is the place of understanding? God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof. For He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heavens.'"

He lay back again on the pillows exhausted, and for many minutes there was unbroken quiet in the room. After a while the servant entered with a message.

Sir Thomas Heyworth was below, come to inquire after Mr. Gainsborough's health; also he wished Mr. Heyworth to come with him at once, as there was a likelihood that he could be presented to the King.

Joscelyn rose reluctantly.

"Yes, lad, you must go," said his godfather, "yet come back to me again. Come to me by nine of the clock, and watch with me through the night. 'Tis the last time I shall see you in this world."

Joscelyn sighed heavily. In his miserable perplexity he would gladly have changed places with the dying man, and with infinite unwillingness he left the quiet room, and joining his father below, walked with him to the Bishop's palace, where the King had taken up his quarters.

Sir Thomas talked fast and cheerfully, and as they crossed the Minster green, Dick met them, full of excitement at the prospect

of his presentation. But Joscelyn had the strangest feeling of unreality, for the weight of the problem upon which he must so soon decide overpowered all else, and afterwards he had the most indistinct recollection of what had passed. He could merely remember the entrance into the stately palace, the first sight of the grand banqueting-hall thronged with the Lincolnshire gentry who had flocked into the city to show their loyalty, and the extreme sadness of the King's eyes as they met his at his presentation.

All was over very quickly, and he found himself once more in the open air with Dick talking and laughing beside him, glad that the ceremony was ended and full of the King's praises. Joscelyn hardly heard him. He was lost in thought. Was it, he wondered, the death of Strafford that had brought the melancholy look to those eyes that haunted him? Was it the thought of the threatened rebellion? Was it distrust of his own advisers? Stories that he had heard at Cambridge about the

King's lack of honour and trustworthiness returned to him now, forming an odd contrast to the known purity and strictness of his life in other matters. And then he thought of his cold indifference to the harsh treatment of poor John Drake at the Stonebow, which seemed to accord so ill with his proverbially religious character. Yet, spite of the chilling effect of the King's want of geniality, Joscelyn was far from harbouring any enmity against him. Only the baffling question returned to him again and again, "Who were his Majesty's true enemies?" And how was he to fight for that justice for which the dying victim of a hateful tyranny had so eagerly pleaded?

"You look melancholy, Mr. Heyworth," said pretty Anne Barrington, greeting him with her brightest smile, as he entered the ball-room a little later on. "Is it the thought of the war that makes you so grave?"

"Maybe," he replied, smiling a little, yet sighing too.

"For my part," said Anne, looking down complacently at her little pink shoes, "I think it is a delightful prospect. We shall no longer die of dulness and *ennui*, there will be stirring news-letters about sieges and battles and heroism. It will be like living in a French romance."

They were standing together in an oriel window, the shutters had not been closed, the casement was wide open. Joscelyn turned away from the brightly-lighted room and looked out into the summer evening; glowing sunset hues still lingered in the west.

"Do you call it romance?" he cried, bitterly. "Why, war is the desolater—the divider!"

"I do not see that," she replied. "Of course we shall all be on the right side; all people of birth will follow the King."

"I do not know how that may be," said Joscelyn; "but in any case, there are the rest. Do you make no account of them? You are a woman, and cannot realise what it will be actually to fight your own fellow-

countrymen—to fight, perhaps, for a cause that you can't even understand."

"You spoil my pleasure," said Anne, pouting. "What business have you to indulge in a fit of the dismals on this gala-day? Come, the music begins, we must linger here no longer."

Joscelyn, with a sigh, turned away from the open window, and in a few minutes more was leading Anne through the stately minuet. How he wished that life was as simple an affair as this dance, and that one could master its intricacies by unmistakable rules! Yet after all, were there not first principles upon which he could fall back? There was at any rate the clear duty of doing all that in him lay to study the question, though how it was to be done, and what the results would be, he could not imagine.

The minuet was followed by a coranto to Whitelocke's music, one of the most popular tunes of the day. Joscelyn watched Anne dancing with one of her two other favoured admirers without a single pang of

envy. Past and present seemed curiously lifeless, blotted out by the looming shadow of the future; he danced mechanically, wondering to himself that so gay a scene could seem to him so strangely sad. Everything he had once enjoyed was there—good music, a good floor, general popularity, Anne's pretty face and fascinating smile—yet his heart felt like lead, and he was glad when nine o'clock sounded the hour of his release; glad even to bid Anne good-bye and to find himself outside in the cool twilight. On reaching the sick-room once more he found Mr. Gainsborough rather worse, yet somehow the suffering and discomfort of the dying man accorded better with his feelings than the gaiety of the dance. He was glad to be here—glad to wait on his godfather, and to watch by him through the silent hours of the night.

At intervals they talked; sometimes of their mutual friend, Mr. Whichcote, Joscelyn's Cambridge tutor, sometimes about the King and the state of the country, some-

times of the hope of a speedy reconciliation with the Parliament.

Presently the old man broke a long silence.

"I feel strangely drowsy," he said, trying in the dim light to make out his godson's features. "Do you get to sleep too, lad, or you will be weary for your journey to-morrow."

He motioned him nearer, looked at him searchingly, and embraced him with a murmured blessing.

"Do you know the meaning of your name, Joscelyn?" he said, a smile hovering about his wan lips. "It means *justice*."

Having said that, he turned his face to the wall and almost immediately dropped asleep.

Joscelyn returned to the huge dimity-covered arm-chair by the window, and sat listening to the deep breathing of the old man, and watching the streak of light from the night-lamp where it fell athwart the great beam supporting the ceiling. Perhaps it was only now that he fully realised all

that he owed to Mr. Gainsborough; the old man had indeed done much to train his mind, to implant in him certain vigorous first principles, and to show him by his own life the power of gentleness and liberality. He had, in fact, taught him all that it was in his power to teach, and the time had come when the two were to be parted; the old man to go to his rest, the young man to step forth alone into the battle of life. In the quiet of the summer dawn both slept heavily, but the old Prebendary's face was full of peace, while Joscelyn's knitted brow and flushed cheek showed that even in his dreams he wrestled with the grievous problem which he had to solve.

## CHAPTER III.

> It is the law of heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise . . . unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it.
>
> RUSKIN.

"YOU have already breakfasted?" asked Sir Thomas, as the next morning he was ushered into Mr. Gainsborough's study, where his son had just risen from the table. "Warm beer? Eh? No, I am heated with walking up the hill. I'll take nothing; and while we speak of it, Joscelyn, you'll do well in this matter to keep an eye on Dick. Thank God, I'm a sober man myself, and would have my sons the same, but Jervis hath gained no good in foreign parts, and Dick from sheer good-nature will follow his lead unless you have a care. How is your godfather?"

"Still sleeping heavily," said Joscelyn; "and the doctor thinks, sir, he will never regain consciousness, but will last a few days in this state and then die."

He spoke very quietly, but his face was full of sadness.

"Poor man!" said Sir Thomas. "Is it indeed as bad as that? Poor man!"

Joscelyn could almost have smiled. It did not seem to him that his godfather was to be pitied; surely he was in far better case than those who were left below in this miserably perplexing time—left, not knowing where to turn for advice. The thought of his own position returned to him with double force. He sighed.

"Poor lad!" said Sir Thomas. "You were ever fond of him and he of you. But courage, boy; your life lies before you, and in these stirring times even you younger sons may reasonably hope to gain a good position. I could almost wish you were the eldest, for you are more to my taste now than Jervis."

"I scarce knew him he was so changed,

sir, but doubtless a few weeks in England will bring him to other ways."

Sir Thomas shook his head.

"He's not to my liking at all," he said, with a touch of pathos. "He has grown dissolute, extravagant, godless—unlike a Heyworth. But you, Joscelyn, you must be my right hand. I look to you now, for I can't deny I'm disappointed in my first-born—sorely disappointed."

It was the first time his father had ever spoken to him confidentially, and the evident sadness and pain in his face touched Joscelyn to the heart; he spoke the eager words of comfort and affection that rose naturally to his lips.

"God bless you, lad," said Sir Thomas, with one of the bright, genuine smiles which made the father and son so much alike. "I look to you to do me credit, to prove yourself a true Heyworth. But I must not stay longer. His Majesty will by this have spoken with Lord Willoughby of Erebie, who brought him a promise of six hundred horse from the gentlemen of

Lincolnshire, and when that is ended the Court will leave for Beverley."

"You wish us to start for Shortell this day, sir?" asked Joscelyn. "It would not be possible for me to wait on my godfather?"

"Nay, better start at once," said Sir Thomas. "He may linger long in this unconscious state, and what is there you could do for him? All being well, Jervis and I shall also come to Shortell in two or three weeks' time, but do you go and begin the work, and let drilling be the order of the day. Farewell, my son—a safe journey to you."

He embraced him with more warmth than usual, and Joscelyn, going with him to the front door, watched him as he crossed the green and disappeared through the gateway leading to the Bishop's palace. It was not until he lost sight of the well-known figure that, with a sudden pang, he remembered that before he again met his father he must have made the search into the great question of the day upon which

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so much depended. What if he found it impossible conscientiously to join the King's side and make war upon the Parliament? What if his study of the just liberties of England should against his every wish divide him from his father? The very thought tortured him; and as though to escape from it he left the house, turning his steps by a sort of instinct towards the cathedral, and finally entering his favourite south doorway.

Outside there had been the glare and heat of the summer day, and the uncongenial crowd of idlers waiting about in hopes of catching a glimpse of the King; within all was quiet and cool and full of that beautiful repose which Nature herself cannot always give, but which is seldom wanting in a nobly-designed church. He sat down on one of the stone ledges in the south aisle, and looked up at the exquisitely-carved angels in the triforium. The great building was empty, and its quiet stilled for a time his troubled thoughts. Where the light was to come from which

should lighten his ignorance he had no notion; he only knew that it was bound to come. With his whole heart he desired to do right; the rest lay with God. But presently, with a sudden revulsion, all his old torments returned. It was true that the ordering lay with God, but the pain of it lay with him. What if the consciousness of right brought him ruin in this world, the bitter condemnation of all he loved? Worse still—what if it brought him into actual conflict with his father and Dick? His very heart sickened as the vision rose before him of a battle-field and the faces he loved confronting him as foes. Could even this be borne? Could duty lead any man in so cruel a path? He sprang up and paced to and fro in the aisle wrestling with the horrible imagination, praying with desperate earnestness the prayer of David: "Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness, because of my enemies: make Thy way plain before my face."

And after a while the beautiful silent cathedral, standing so peacefully in the

midst of a troubled land, calm amidst all the rage of the people, once more became a parable to him. He wondered whether perhaps it had witnessed just such a conflict as his in the past, and thought of all the strife and contention it must have looked down on, all the long years of civil war and desolation that had been in England since first it was built. But this led his thoughts back to the contentions of the present, the wretched sense of his own ignorance alternating with hopes that after all war might be averted at the last, or that he might be able honestly to side with his father. Again the words of the dying Puritan rang in his ear, "Fight for justice, for justice!" Again his godfather's eyes met his, reminding him that his very name meant *Justice.* The dread of doing wrong began to drive out every other thought; in utter misery he fell on his knees and prayed more desperately than ever for light. Then it suddenly occurred to him that only yesterday he had prayed for guidance, that no answer had apparently

been given, yet that in doing his duty he had first come across John Drake, and then had received the last advice of his godfather.

Surely light would come.

He rose to his feet comforted. Even the anguish of possible family division faded away before the perception that now came to him of a Higher Union which outer things were powerless to break; and leaving the cathedral, he stepped forth once more into the world, strong with the one thought which could help him through his strangely perplexing life: "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

* * * * *

The two brothers left Lincoln early that morning; left it with old Mr. Gainsborough lying unconscious in the house in Minster Yard; with John Drake's body just placed in its coffin; with King Charles courteously thanking the gentlemen of Lincolnshire and the Mayor, John Beck, for the troops they had promised to raise; with the old "herdegroome" contentedly minding his cattle

near the Eleanor Cross; and the sun shining down on minster and castle and clustering houses as though, spite of the coming desolation, he would cheer the hearts of men.

Riding all through that Thursday, all through Friday, though not a little tried by the dust and heat, Joscelyn and Dick, having stopped at Croydon about noon on Saturday to bait their horses, set forth once more at three o'clock, intending to reach their uncle's house at Bletchingley before night. In the first place they bore a letter to him from Sir Thomas, and in the second place they counted on getting a good deal of help and advice from him, since he was an old soldier, too much maimed for fighting, but with a large experience, upon which these two intended to draw.

Things were different in those days, and the brothers, having begun their Cambridge career at the ages of fifteen and sixteen, were now, at its close, but nineteen and twenty. Young, inexperienced, and ignorant of the world, they had the great merit of

being aware of the fact, and Joscelyn was not without hope that his soldier uncle might be able to solve his difficulties for him, and give him that knowledge of the state of affairs which he so greatly desired to have.

"The best of all would be if we could persuade him to come on with us to Shortell," said Dick, as they slowly mounted a long hill. "He would do more with the training in a week than you and I in a month."

"True," said Joscelyn, plucking a bit of traveller's joy from a bush as they rode past. "My mother would like it, too, and little Rosamond will bless us, for she is mighty fond of my uncle. Good Lord! what will that poor child say to the news of the war? She is too tender for such times as these."

"Yes; she will not be so full of gay excitement as Mistress Anne Barrington," said Dick, stealing a glance at his brother. "Were we all chopped into mince-meat she would but say that it made life like a romance."

Joscelyn shrugged his shoulders.

"The novelty of war will soon wear off, and she will long for peace, or perchance, while the rest of the world is fighting, she will marry some cathedral dignitary."

"With your benediction?" said Dick, teasingly.

"Oh, entirely," said Joscelyn, with a laugh. "'She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to think on,' but having said that you have said all."

They had now, by winding lanes, reached a country church, and the wide, open expanse of Coulesdon Common lay before them; it was a fine place for a gallop, and by the time they had reached the little village of Katterham they were all glowing with the exercise, and were glad to slacken their pace as they rode past the pretty thatched cottages with their trim gardens, the village alehouse standing superior to all the other houses in the glory of red brick and tiled roof, the comfortable old rectory sheltered by a fine oak tree, and

then, after a space, with a gentleman's park on one side of the road and enclosed fields on the other, the little church with its rustic spire and peaceful graveyard. Just at this point the lane turned sharply round to the right, running along the brow of a hill and overlooking a most beautiful valley—one of those sweet, wild, wooded valleys that form the great charm of Surrey. The road—a mere track, forming an old right-of-way through private property—was in a disgraceful state, and its ruts, almost as deep as ditches, baked hard by the sun, contrasted ill with Coulesdon Common, where riding had been keen enjoyment. Just at this point they saw approaching them a family coach, a large lumbering vehicle which swung from side to side as the fine bay horses ploughed their way through the rough lane. The two brothers drew up close to the hedge which skirted the road on the one side. The way was very narrow, and a little in advance it was made narrower still, for some one had left a wheelbarrow near

the garden wall which formed the other boundary. Now what gives horses their inveterate dislike to wheelbarrows it would be hard to say, but both the horses belonging to the coach shied as they passed the hated object, and the coachman losing for a time his control over them, they plunged violently to the other side of the road. An extraordinary minute of confusion followed, the cob Joscelyn was riding reared and kicked wildly, and in the end horse and rider went over together, to the great consternation of Dick, who, being behind his brother, had escaped the danger. Instantly dismounting, he hastened to the rescue; the coachman managed to quiet down his frightened horses, while the coach door was thrown swiftly open and a young girl sprang out, paused to give her arm to an old man who followed her, and approached just as Joscelyn, freed from the weight of the cob, began to raise himself and to look round in a bewildered way.

"I fear, sir, that you must be hurt?" said the old gentleman, with courteous

anxiety. He was small, shrivelled, and wiry-looking, with a clean-shaven face and white hair almost as long as Joscelyn's.

"It was the fault of our horses, grandfather," said a sweet girlish voice at his elbow.

Joscelyn turned round that he might see the speaker. She must have been about his own age, and beside the little old man she looked very tall; she was dressed in white, with a hood of black velvet, but the strings were untied because of the heat, and the hood did not altogether hide the chestnut-brown curls which alone could have fitly framed such lovely features. It was rather a grave face, with a delicate glow of colour about it, with dark, delicately-arched eyebrows, and well-opened brown eyes, full now of awe and concern—altogether as tender, as womanly a face as you could wish to see. Joscelyn was at once seized with a burning desire to save her all possible trouble.

"Do not, pray, be troubled about me," he exclaimed. "It is nothing—I was but stunned for the moment."

But as he rose to his feet an involuntary exclamation escaped him, and he was obliged to clutch at his brother's arm.

"Something wrong, I fear," said the old man. "The knee, if I mistake not. On no account stand, sir. Here, Matthew, help the gentleman into the coach. Nay, sir, I must really insist upon it; you are in no state to mount, and might greatly increase your injury. My house is within a stone's-throw, and we will do all that we can to make you comfortable."

Joscelyn politely protested, but the old gentleman was inexorable, and before many minutes had passed he found himself on the back seat of the family coach, with his host and the pretty grand-daughter sitting opposite. Driving through a gateway close by they approached a well-built Tudor house, whose massive walls and mullioned windows looked as if they might very well stand a siege.

"Bid them prepare a bedchamber on the ground floor, Clemency," said the grandfather, "and in the meantime our guest

shall rest in my library, and the surgeon, who by good chance came this day from Croydon and is at the Dower House, shall be called in to see what is amiss."

"Clemency," mused Joscelyn; "what a strange name! It has a Puritanical sound, yet spite of that I think it suits her. I never saw so gentle a face that was yet so strong."

He began to wonder who his host could be, and perhaps the old man had the same thoughts about him, for he asked if they had intended making a long journey that night.

"We had but a few miles still before us," said Joscelyn. "We were to lie at the house of my uncle, Sir Ralph Whitfield, of Bletchingley. If the surgeon indeed forbids me to travel, my brother must go on alone."

"I have long known Sir Ralph. Are you then a Whitfield?"

"It was our mother's name. We are Heyworths, of Shortell, in Hampshire."

"What! sons of Sir Thomas Heyworth?"

"Is it possible you know him?" said Joscelyn.

"Nay, he would not remember me," said the old man, "but many years ago, when I was imprisoned in Hampshire, I recollect seeing him. Now, sir, my man shall help you into the house. Take your time."

Not without considerable pain Joscelyn was led through a square entrance-hall into a most comfortable room, where the servants helped him on to a sort of couch of carved oak and cane-work. The words "imprisoned in Hampshire" kept ringing in his ears. What did they portend? And who was this brisk, wiry old gentleman?

His question was answered by almost the first thing his eyes fell on. Close by the couch stood a small table, and on this lay a letter directed in handwriting which could be read at a glance—

"To Sir Robert Neal,
"At the Court House, Katterham,
"In the County of Surrey."

At that moment Sir Robert himself entered

with Dick, and while they were still talking together about the accident and the state of Joscelyn's horse, which had luckily escaped without any serious injury, the surgeon was announced.

It proved that Joscelyn, like the cob, had escaped better than could have been expected; but his knee was injured, and would need absolute rest for at least three weeks.

"Three weeks!" he exclaimed, with a curious sound of relief in his voice rather than of dismay.

Dick, on the other hand, turned away in high disgust, swearing vehemently, so that he did not see the look of satisfaction in his brother's face, but Sir Robert saw it and was puzzled as to its meaning.

Joscelyn seemed to have fallen into a deep reverie. The fact was he had just realised that here was the help he so sorely needed; here the time for thought and study; here the means of keeping him from Shortell and the active preparation for war. He had believed all his life in

prayer, and yet he was awed and startled by this direct answer, and something of this expression showed in his face, mingling with the deep relief. Sir Robert watched him searchingly ; he felt strangely drawn to his guest, all the more so because he could not quite understand him.

"But, sir," exclaimed Joscelyn, coming to himself again, "since I am to be laid up so long, I cannot consent to be a burden on you. If you would be so good as to lend me your coach I will go back to the village inn."

To this, however, Sir Robert would not listen for a moment.

"The accident was entirely caused by my horses," he said, "and I could not think of allowing you to move to the village. Entire rest for three weeks will no doubt quite cure you, and we shall be most happy to have you as our guest. And you, sir," turning to Dick, "you will at any rate spend the night here, I hope."

Dick thanked him for his courtesy, but would not consent to stay. "For my

brother there is, I fear, little that I can do," he said. "My father has entrusted us with preparing a troop for the King's service, and since the standard is to be raised next month there is no time to be lost."

Joscelyn fancied he saw a queer little elevation of Sir Robert's brows; the old man, however, made no comment on the words, but merely summoned the servant and bade him bring in cakes and ale at once. Dick, having refreshed himself, took leave, and promising to make light of the accident at home, he parted with his brother, murmuring not a little that fate should have marred their plans and left him to work single-handed. Sir Robert went with him to the door, and on returning to the library a little later was struck by the extreme sadness in his guest's face.

"I fear this accident is a great inconvenience to you," he remarked, drawing up an arm-chair towards the couch, determined to understand this youth a little better.

Joscelyn started as though recalled from painful thoughts.

"I was wondering how my brother and I should meet again," he said. "But in truth the accident itself is a God-send to me and no inconvenience. It was time that I needed, time to think, to try at least to see the rights of the case before taking up arms."

Sir Robert's eyes kindled.

"Yours is the right spirit," he said, warmly. "Too many, I fear, on either side will rush blindly into the fray before they have truly weighed the matter in their own minds. 'Tis hard for the young not to yield to the first impulse, not to follow the lead of their friends and companions."

"That is true," said Joscelyn, with a heavy sigh. "To stand aloof from all that one's own set, one's own family hold by, to be looked on as a traitor, a foe! God grant it may not come to it! but I must at any rate try to understand something of the state of the country, and here

in this three weeks' quiet lies my sole chance."

"How is it," said the old man, "that you are so unlike the rest of your generation? I should have expected you at your age to be a hot partisan."

"It is because I have never gone into these matters, sir," replied Joscelyn.

"Neither does your fiery partisan as a rule," said Sir Robert. "He merely echoes the views of his set, you will rarely find him seriously studying politics."

"It may be," said Joscelyn, "because I hate all strife and division."

Sir Robert mused for a few minutes. Then he looked up kindly at his guest and said—

"Your position interests me greatly. But I cannot altogether fathom it till I know what has been your life in the past. 'Tis from no curiosity I ask, but only because it may perchance lie in my power to help you, if we fairly understand one another."

"My life is soon disposed of, sir," said

Joscelyn; "never surely was there a less eventful one. We were all brought up at Shortell Manor, in Hampshire, and had a happy enough childhood. As to what was happening in the country, we knew nothing whatever about it. The sole thing relating to public affairs which I can remember is the stir in the village when the communion-table was moved by the Archbishop's orders from the middle of the nave, where it had stood since the Reformation, to the east end of the chancel. I was eleven years old then, and well remember how our old coachman groaned aloud, and declared it meant bringing in the papists. To me it seemed a vast improvement, for before the men of the village used to pile up their greasy hats on it, in a way which would not have been tolerated on any gentleman's dining-table. Later on I remember, too, that we were bidden, though not forced, to bow to the communion-table on entering or leaving the church, and my mother took it ill that I could not be brought to do this, not rightly seeing the sense of the practice. As for

schooling, my brother and I went to Winchester. I was there till I was fifteen, and then was at home for a year with sore eyes, which for the best part of a twelvemonth kept me prisoner in a darkened room. 'Twas at that time I first learnt to think, there was naught else to do. My eyes cured, I went to Cambridge with my brother. We were at Emmanuel, and our tutor was one Mr. Whichcote."

"Whichcote!" exclaimed Sir Robert. "I have heard much of him, a noble-minded man and as fine a scholar as any in the land. You were fortunate, sir, to be under the tuition of such an one."

"From him," said Joscelyn, "I learnt the answer to the doubts and thoughts which had assailed me in my year of illness. Some men deem him a Puritan, but that must be a mistaken notion, for a man less dogmatic and narrow, less given to gloomy fanaticism, never existed."

Sir Robert laughed a little; his shrewd, humorous face lighted up with keen enjoyment.

"I am a Puritan myself," he said, "yet would I not for the world force all men to agree with me. 'Tis enough if we agree upon the duty towards God and the duty towards our neighbour. Let me persuade you, Mr. Heyworth, that all Puritans are not sour, cross-grained, melancholy, and ignorant, as the stage plays and the songs of the day would have you think; 'tis but a few of a fanatical turn that persist in cropped hair and ostentatious piety, the bulk of us desire only to see temperance and godliness and a just liberty in our country. I'll be bound you think no Puritan could play a game of tennis, or sing a song, or enjoy the chase! Is it not so?"

Joscelyn hesitated, not a little confused, for Sir Robert had rightly guessed his thoughts. John Drake was precisely his idea of a Puritan, and that Sir Robert, with his genial laugh, his long hair, his air of good breeding, should be classed among Roundheads (the derisive name now in vogue for those who held with the Parliament) seemed to him laughable.

Just then Clemency returned to the library.

"Your room is prepared, sir," she said to Joscelyn; "'tis the one adjoining this, so that you will not have far to move."

"And let us have supper presently in here, my child," said Sir Robert. "Where is your sister Faith?"

"She is in the park with the children. The hay is to be carried this evening, sir, and the children were promised to ride in the waggon."

"Then unless you desire to be with them, dear, stay and cheer Mr. Heyworth with a song. He hath till this fully believed that we Puritans could sing naught but psalms, that we for ever showed our piety by upturned eyes and nasal voice, and were in fact the hypocritical and melancholy folk that the wits represent."

Clemency laughed as she took her guitar and sat down near the window; for a moment a sort of shyness stole over her, but a glance at Joscelyn's eager face dispelled it, and she thought to herself that

he would prove no very severe critic. Perhaps it was on purpose that she selected Ariel's song from the *Tempest*, the most joyous of all the songs in her collection, and the old panelled room rang with the sweet tones of her fresh young voice. As she finished, and as Joscelyn poured out compliments and thanks, Sir Robert crossed the room to the window.

"See," he said, "there goes the last waggon-load and the children following it."

Clemency stood up, one hand still resting on the guitar as she looked out into the sunny, peaceful park. They could hear the hay-harvest song in the shrill voices of the children, and in the loud, uncouth tones of the haymakers. But somehow the merry sounds brought tears to her eyes.

"Why do you weep, child?" said her grandfather, turning towards her.

She hastily wiped away her tears, blushing to think that he had called attention to them.

"I was thinking," she said, "of the changes that must have come by next

hay-harvest. Faith married and gone to Gloucester, and the country, very like, full of war and bloodshed—this very house, perchance, destroyed."

The old man put his hand upon her shoulder tenderly.

"Child," he said, "troubles there will be, you may be sure; nevertheless, go not half-way to meet them. If you look forward, then look beyond them and think of the happiness and freedom bought for the generations to come by the strife of to-day."

Joscelyn saw her smile through her tears, as she looked forth once more at the peaceful landscape; the heavily-loaded waggon was just disappearing from view, and the children came running towards the house, their little wooden rakes and forks carried over their shoulders, and the words of the song growing more and more distinct as they approached.

## CHAPTER IV.

> New occasions teach new duties;
> Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must upward still and onward,
> Who would keep abreast with truth.
>
> LOWELL.

CLEMENCY CORITON'S life had been in some respects a sad one; it was not, as Joscelyn had at first fancied, her puritanical training which had brought the serious look into her beautiful face and the thoughtful depth into her eyes. Her mother, the only child and heiress of Sir Robert Neal, had married a neighbouring squire, Mr. Coriton, but had died when Clemency was only a year old. A year later her father married again, and for some time Clemency's life had been serene and happy. Not all the foolish gossip of the servants could induce her to distrust one so tender and loving as her

step-mother, or to feel the slightest jealousy of the little sisters, as one by one they came to gladden her lonely nursery. But when she was nearly seventeen, growing day by day more of a companion to her step-mother, a terrible shadow fell over the happy home.

In one day two of the children fell ill of the plague. Clemency, with Faith, Hester, Prudence, and little Hal, were at once sent away to Sir Robert Neal's house a few miles off, and that hurried departure proved their final farewell to the home that had grown so dear to them. For first Molly and little Robert died, then their father sickened and died after only a day's illness, and, last of all, the poor mother, worn out by grief and watching, sank from exhaustion after giving birth to a little girl, who seemed too puny and frail to live. By the mother's wish she was baptised at once by the strange name of Admonition—"For," said the dying woman, "God hath taught me to look for lasting joys not in this world but elsewhere."

The nurse bade her keep up her heart, for she would yet live and be spared to her children. But she herself knew better, and, after lingering a day or two between death and life, she passed away quietly in her sleep. The last words she had spoken were for Clemency.

"Tell her," she said to the nurse, "to love and tend my babe for me as I loved and tended her for her dead mother. Tell her I bless God for giving me so sweet a step-daughter, and my children so good a sister for an example."

A month later, little Admonition, still very frail and tiny, was brought to Katterham Court, and Clemency, in her sorrow, found her best comfort in striving to obey to the utmost her step-mother's dying message, repaying to the best of her powers the love and care which had made her own childhood so bright. This terrible visitation had happened four years ago, and since then Chaldon Manor had been closed, and old Sir Robert's house had become the home, not only of his own grand-daughter,

but of all the Coritons. To become mistress of so large an establishment, and to be at once elder sister and second mother to so many children, taxed Clemency's powers not a little, and though at times she was merry and light-hearted, yet as a rule there was about her a sort of sweet seriousness which made her seem older than she really was. Joscelyn had ample opportunities of noticing this, and unconsciously fell into the habit which prevailed in the household of leaning on Clemency, looking up to her for counsel, and waiting on her words with a curious deference, as though she had been his senior. Beautiful and winsome as she was, he nevertheless remained perfectly heart-whole; she seemed to him a sort of guardian angel; there was a far-away look in her face sometimes as if she were seeing what was invisible to other people, and though when she waited on him her eyes were gentle and full of sympathy, they were totally lacking in the deliberate witchery that made the glances of Anne Barrington able to enthrall every man she

came across, and to hold him her prisoner for days, or weeks, even occasionally for months.

Clemency, it is true, had received many offers of marriage, but they had been formal affairs, with very little preamble of courtship, for she was shy and rather distant in manner to outsiders, rarely revealing her true self save to those who actually shared her home. It was now pretty well understood in the neighbourhood that Mistress Coriton intended to follow good Queen Bess in the path of single blessedness; her lovers—or servants as they were then called—bemoaned their hard fate, and protested that it was a cruel thing for the heiress to Sir Robert Neal's estate to show so singular an aversion to the holy estate of matrimony; but her refusals were always so very decided that they seldom approached her a second time, and Sir Robert never sought in any way to influence her choice. Her half-sister Faith had behaved far more reasonably, and had accepted the first man who had proposed to

her—worthy Mr. Christopher Bennett, of Gloucester—and Joscelyn was not a little dismayed to learn that her marriage was to take place in a week's time.

"You will at least let me be removed to the village, then," he said. "At such a time as a wedding the Good Samaritan himself would not have housed a sick stranger."

Clemency laughed a little.

"But, indeed, you will not be in the way," she protested. "Both Faith and Mr. Bennett refuse to hear of a public wedding. All will be quite quiet, and we expect only two guests, a brother of Mr. Bennett's, and a friend of my grandfather's, Mr. John Hampden. It is even a little uncertain whether Mr. Hampden will be able to come, since his duties in Parliament and the preparations for war occupy him much."

"I have read of him in these pamphlets which Sir Robert has given me," said Joscelyn, laying his hand on a great stack of printed papers beside him.

Clemency looked up sympathetically.

"They must be weary reading," she said. "Methinks one hour's talk with Mr. Hampden will do more to tell you the true state of the country than many months' study of those."

"At least he is true to his own convictions," said Joscelyn, musingly. "He has endured imprisonment and obloquy. Is he much soured by it all?"

Clemency laughed aloud, a ringing, girlish laugh, full of mirth.

"Why, he is the most sweet-natured and courteous man you ever set eyes on," she exclaimed. "His health has never been the same since he was imprisoned in the Gate House, but he himself can only have been ennobled by it. My grandfather always says that he is the greatest man in England, and, indeed, I believe it. He is to me like the man whom David described in the fifteenth Psalm. And though he is much sought and full of affairs, yet he will spend time and trouble on the least and the poorest."

She crossed the room to a curious tortoise-shell cabinet, and, unlocking the inner compartment, drew forth a letter and handed it to Joscelyn.

"This will show you in some degree what sort of man he is. He wrote it to me when I was but a girl, barely seventeen. Yet he—a man overwhelmed with work—took time to think of the grand-daughter of one who had been kind to him as a boy."

Joscelyn read the letter, it unveiled to him the sad tragedy of the Coriton family, but it revealed, too, as Clemency had guessed it would reveal, the beautiful nature of the writer—his wide sympathies, his perfect faith, his delicate chivalry. He began to look forward very eagerly to meeting this resister of ship-money, this champion of liberty, who, to judge by his letter, was entirely free from the Pharisaic pride and the narrow exclusiveness which he had always fancied must characterise the opponents of the King.

As Clemency had remarked, the study of

the pamphlets of the day was weary work. He read the Third Remonstrance, the various declarations, the general accounts of the kingdom published by the Parliament; he read the King's answers, and also the Observations made on the King's answer to the Lords and Commons of the 19th May, 1642; his answer to the Somersetshire petition, and a pamphlet on some "of his Majesty's late answers and expresses." In the bewildering maze of strife he wandered to and fro, miserably seeking some sort of conviction in which he might find anchorage, while Sir Robert said little, but merely kept him supplied with the literature of both sides. He used to turn away with relief sometimes to the busy wedding preparations which were beginning to make a stir in the quiet country household. Faith, the pretty bride-elect, would come and talk with him about her new home in Gloucester, or her wedding-gifts; little Admonition, or Monnie as she was always called, would trot up to his couch and tell of the great bride-cake which cook

had made, and of the sweetmeats and comfits prepared for the day; or Clemency would sit in the window-seat working hard at a piece of embroidery to be worn by her sister at the marriage, and would talk of the separation she so much dreaded, and of the woeful distance between Katterham and Gloucester.

Nothing, however, could banish for long the haunting question upon which Joscelyn was bound to decide; he grew very grave and thoughtful, even little Monnie could seldom rouse him from his anxious and harassed musing. The child was very fond of him, and on the evening before the wedding, finding the rest of the world too busy to take much notice of her, she sat for more than an hour beside him, her fat little fingers busily working at a daisy chain. An artist would have loved to paint her quaint little babyish face, with its air of intent preoccupation, her sunny curls, and her demure little white frock reaching almost to the ground. And perhaps no greater contrast could have been found than Joscelyn,

stretched on the old oak settle with his books and his pamphlets round him, bearing on his face the same look of intent pre-occupation, save that where the child's expression was calm and happy, his was full of pain and perplexity. The contrast between the two struck John Hampden as he was shown into the room. Sir Robert had told him beforehand of his invalid guest, and of the dilemma in which he was placed, and since Joscelyn was absorbed in what he was reading, the searching yet deeply sympathetic gaze of the new-comer had rested on him for some moments before he was roused by a movement from little Monnie, who sprang up from her stool to curtsey to her grandfather and the visitor.

"One hour's talk with Mr. Hampden will do more for you than many months' study of those!" Clemency had remarked to him, and the words came back to his mind as he looked up into the stranger's face from the dry, dreary arguments through which he had been toiling.

He saw a powerfully-built man of about eight-and-forty, with an abundance of crisp, wavy hair, falling almost to his shoulders, but brushed away from the forehead, so that it did not conceal the height and breadth of a very striking brow. The features were good, the upper lip very short, the mouth firm but sweet-looking, the jaw square and massive, the eyes singularly thoughtful.

Sir Robert introduced him, and after making kindly inquiries as to the invalid, Hampden sat down and took little Monnie on his knee.

"And what is Mistress Monnie making so happily?" he asked, stroking the child's bright curls.

"Chains, sir," said Monnie, holding up in triumph a long string of linked daisies.

"Chains, Monnie?" he said, smiling. "Why, England has too many already!"

"Then it shall be a crown for you, sir," she answered, twisting the two ends together, and with the loving confidence of a child stretching up her chubby little hands

that she might crown the "greatest man in England."

Running to a little distance to see the effect of her work, she seemed not wholly satisfied with the result. Hampden laughed at the seriousness of the little face.

"'Tis not great enough for you, sir," she said; "I will put more daisies."

"Nay," said Hampden, stooping to kiss her as she took off the wreath, "keep it as it is, and crown the bride. See, here she comes." And he rose to greet Faith and her future husband, Mr. Bennett of Gloucester, a somewhat austere-looking Puritan of five-and-thirty, whose extreme gravity contrasted curiously with Faith's sunny brightness. Joscelyn wondered that his choice had not fallen upon the much more serious Clemency, and could only hope that Faith had enough cheerfulness for the two, and that she would not be overpowered by her sombre bridegroom. However, even quiet Christopher Bennett could not resist the magic of Hampden's genial presence; before long he was actually laughing at the de-

scription of a rustic wedding in Buckinghamshire, where a countryman, having been addressed by the minister in the usual form, "Wilt thou have this woman," &c., had replied, to the great consternation of all present, "Well, sir, now you put it so solemn-like I don't reckon I will," and there and then walked out of the church.

When the laughter which greeted this tale had died away, Hampden produced his wedding-gift, two beautifully-chased silver flagons, and by the time these had been admired by all present supper was announced, and Joscelyn, who was not allowed to adjourn to the entrance-hall, where meals were served, found himself left to his own thoughts. Every now and then, when the servant came in bringing him food or wine, he could hear through the open door the merry talk at the supper-table, and the mellow voice and hearty laugh of Hampden, which made him long to be at table with them all. But by and by his turn came, for when the rest of the party had gone to the withdrawing-room to discuss

certain matters connected with the marriage, Hampden returned to the library. He glanced from the invalid to the piles of books and pamphlets surrounding him, and smiled a little.

"Sir Robert keeps you well supplied with literature," he remarked.

"'Tis of a kind that is hard of digestion, sir," said Joscelyn. "I have been struggling to-day with Lord Brooke's treatise on Episcopacy."

"Beware how you abuse him, for he is my very good friend," said Hampden, unable to help laughing at the young man's expression. "Yet I grant you the book is not easy reading, specially the first part. Nevertheless it contains the true solution of our chiefest difficulty, and would to God that the people of England were fit to grasp the notion!"

"The notion of granting liberty to the sects?" asked Joscelyn.

"Yes; of toleration, of entire religious freedom," said Hampden. "But the spirit of retaliation is abroad, and for the tyranny

of the bishops men will strive to substitute the tyranny of a presbytery. Brooke has here set forth the only true remedy, the only lasting way of peace, the right of every individual to liberty of conscience, the utter folly of trying to force all into one groove."

"Do you speak, sir, as a Puritan?" asked Joscelyn.

"I speak as a member of the Church of England, yet as a member who would fain see the abuses of the Church reformed, who would have the bishops caring for the souls of their people, not interfering with matters of state. Personally attached to the Book of Common Prayer, yet I am averse to thrusting it on those who prefer a simpler worship; the nation is not at one on religious matters, and there never can be peace until there is perfect liberty. Yet, mind you, Lord Brooke is far in advance of his times. Only through blood and tears will the bulk of the people come to see this truth he now sets forth. Could they but see it now, the coming war would lose half its horrors."

"You mean that there would be less bitter division?"

"Yes, for few Englishmen would join the King only to uphold his despotic rule, but many, seeing the existence of the Church imperilled, will join the royal army—ay, many of our best and noblest." He sighed heavily.

"And you will fight them, sir?" cried Joscelyn. "You will do all that may be done to kill these men whom you own to be partly in the right? You will help on what may bring the destruction of the Church of which you are a member?—will help to set up another—perhaps a greater and more distasteful tyranny?"

"You are right to face these questions," said Hampden, quietly. "Believe me, I have faced them for many a year; have tried, as so many others have tried, all that patience, and moderation, and waiting, and slow reform can do. But the time is now come to draw the sword and throw away the scabbard. England must be saved. The just liberties of the nation must be pre-

served; not only preserved, but enlarged—for where there is no growth there is no life. The King and those who join him will drag the nation back, will reduce it to the slavery of the other nations of Europe. Will you give your life for such work as that? Nay, throw in your lot with those whose watchword is 'Forward'; come and help on the march of freedom, and thank God on your knees that He allows you to suffer in such a cause."

"If only matters were less strangely mixed," said Joscelyn, his face full of weary perplexity. "If only all that one cared for and reverenced were on the one side, and all that one would fain abolish on the other!"

"Since the world began that has never been the case," said Hampden. "Wheat and tares grow together among both Royalists and Parliamentarians. If you wait for a perfect set of workers you may wait for ever. Your duty is to look which side truly promotes the progress and healthy growth of the national good. Its

ways may not be your personal ways, its blunders may cut you to the heart, yet still through all you will be able to discern that, spite of many imperfections, it is pressing on to better things."

"At any rate," exclaimed Joscelyn, "by the refusal of Hotham to allow the King and his soldiers to enter Hull, the hostilities seem to have been begun by your side."

"Nay," said Hampden, "but what is the true state of the case? Before Hotham came on the scene at all, the King had already appointed the Earl of Newcastle governor, and had plotted to introduce into Hull the Danish troops which he had once thought to employ in Scotland during the Bishops' war. 'Twas not until this plot was revealed to Pym, that Sir John Hotham was ordered to secure Hull, and not to yield it until summoned to do so by the King's authority, signified unto him by the Lords and Commons."

And then with impassioned earnestness, which yet never descended into bitter invective, Hampden began to speak of what

had passed in the country since the King's accession. He described to Joscelyn the foreign policy of the Government, and its disastrous results; spoke of the cruel way in which shipowners and mariners pressed into the King's service had been treated; enlarged on the miseries which must always follow when a king plunges into foreign wars against the will of the nation; showed how Charles had again and again broken the law, and how the country was reduced to its present state of misery and oppression at home, and utter friendlessness abroad, through the King's incapacity.

With the graphic language of one who had been an actual participator in the struggle, he told the story of the Third Parliament, of the Petition of Right and its apparent failure, of the pathos of a Parliament broken-hearted and in tears at the desperate condition of the country, of the consent to the Petition at last wrung from the King and of the joy throughout England, how bells had pealed and bonfires burned, and how they had all tried with

a last effort of loyalty to believe that the King was free from blame and that the disasters of the past came from Buckingham's evil counsel.

Then he told how after Buckingham's death, and in spite of the King's promise, illegal taxes were yet continued, and how judges, solely dependent on the Crown, had profaned justice. With tears in his eyes he told of Eliot's imprisonment and death; he showed how the bishops, neglecting their true work, had, to the undoing of the country, meddled with the government of the State, even proving the principal promoters of the war with Scotland; how the unconquerable spirit of the nation struggled desperately for its just liberties; and how at last they had come to see that with a king who believed himself to be above law—a king whose rule had reduced England to such a desperate condition—a king who clung to the notion of sovereign power of the monarch and passive obedience of the subject, there never could be anything but oppression and ruin. He argued

that for those who loved their country the question now was—would they leave her to the unregulated rule of one who had trampled her honour in the dust? or would they fight for the supremacy of Parliament, aiming a deadly blow at that authority which the King had so fatally abused, and making it for ever impossible for England to be at the mercy of one incompetent and irresponsible ruler?

When he paused there was for some minutes perfect silence in the room, then, irresistibly drawn to this wonderful man, Joscelyn began to urge his objections, to raise difficulties, and Hampden, with the most winning gentleness and patience, fully entered into and met every one of them.

With marvellous tact, with the rare modesty which specially characterised him, he listened, now and then suggesting a question, hinted a doubt, throwing in a phrase which seemed to flood his companion's mind with new light. He was full, moreover, of sympathy for Joscelyn's difficult position, but it was a strong

sympathy which nerved to endurance and made inaction seem impossible.

After a time the door was opened and Clemency stole softly in, glancing a little curiously at Joscelyn.

"I came to see if you would like lights," she said, "but do not let me disturb your talk."

"Nay, our talk is ended," said Hampden, rising to meet her, "and we want one of your songs, Clemency, to raise us out of sad thoughts."

"I will gladly sing," said she, "but first, sir, for fear I have no other opportunity of speaking to you quietly, will you give me your help and advice as to these diamonds?"

She opened a case of red leather, and even in the fading evening light Joscelyn could see how the beautiful necklace within flashed and sparkled.

Hampden took the case in his hand, looking at the diamonds with admiration.

"My advice," he said, smiling, "is to wear them; and my help——" he took the

necklace up and fastened it round her neck.

Clemency laughed and blushed.

"They were my mother's," she said, "and now they are mine to do what I like with. When I heard how people were sending money and plate to the Guildhall to help in defending the country, how the poor women were even bringing their wedding-rings, then I thought of these diamonds, and my grandfather says I may send them if I wish. Would you take them back with you to-morrow?"

"But I think it will be hard for you to part with what was once your mother's. The thing is most beautiful, too, and of such great value." He glanced inquiringly into the lovely girlish face.

"It is because I do care for it very much that I want to send it," she said, her voice faltering a little. "I want to help, and there is but little I can do; men can give their lives for the country, but women can only stay at home and grieve."

"Nay, you will do something better than

that, if I mistake not," said Hampden, gently. "You will pray; you will bring up the children entrusted to you to love truth and justice and freedom; you will, perhaps unknown to yourself, influence some of the men who go forth now to fight. As to the diamonds, I will take them to the Guildhall if you indeed wish it."

"I do," she said, earnestly. "My grandfather says they are worth much money, because they are cut in the new Dutch fashion with many facets."

She made as though she would unclasp the necklace and give it to him there and then, but Hampden checked her.

"Wear it to-night and to-morrow at the wedding," he said. "Let it once more fulfil its natural function before it is converted into the defences of the country."

And then before long they were all laughing at an elaborate calculation made by Hampden as to the number of soldiers who might be comfortably shod if the diamonds were converted into boots, or the

number that might be fed if they were converted into loaves. A servant at this moment brought in two candles in massive silver candlesticks, but Clemency would not have the shutters closed.

"The night is calm," she said. "See, the red of the sunset still lingers, it will surely be fair weather to-morrow."

A silence fell upon them; Hampden stood by the open window looking out into the peaceful stillness of the summer evening; his face, bright with humour only a few minutes before, was full now of ineffable sadness, yet beneath the sadness one could read an unconquerable hope. He was a man whose heart had been wrung by private sorrows, and now the thought of the coming war which must bring desolation to so many homes had been brought to him very vividly and freshly, first by his talk with Joscelyn Heyworth and the realisation of his difficult position, and then again by Clemency and her offering of the diamonds. He, who felt so powerfully the necessity of drawing the

sword and flinging away the scabbard, was yet a man of the gentlest tastes, a man of the tenderest heart, and he suffered as only the strong can suffer.

Joscelyn watched him with a sort of fascination, he knew that for the first time in his life he was in the presence of a leader of men; every word, every gesture, every look of Hampden's seemed to him invested with an extraordinary power and influence. From the fine old beech tree on the lawn, a thrush flooded the twilight with exquisite song. Within, Clemency silently arranged some red-and-white roses in a china bowl, her diamonds flashing with radiant light at each breath she drew. All was strangely calm, yet all seemed hushed and awed by the coming strife. Presently Hampden recrossed the room.

"You promised us a song," he said, "may we not have it when your roses are arranged?"

She handed him the finest rose from her posy.

"'Tis not often that this striped York

and Lancaster rose has so fine a blossom," she said. "I am fond of them; they seem full of sad tales with happy endings."

He fastened the flower in his doublet.

"The emblem of peace after strife, of union after division," he said, musingly; "how many of us, I wonder, will live to see righteousness and peace meeting again in a reconciled England?"

Clemency was silent, something seemed to rise in her throat and choke her. She turned away, and passed her fingers lightly over the strings of her guitar.

"Do you sing that newly-composed song to the words of George Herbert, 'Sweet day'?" asked Hampden. "I am told it begins to be much spoken about. 'Tis a favourite of mine."

"'Tis also a favourite of my grandfather's," said Clemency, and at Hampden's request she began to sing. To Joscelyn it seemed that music and words were alike fitted for this still summer evening, with its strange underlying sadness.

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

Afterwards, Joscelyn and Clemency remembered the long-drawn sigh which escaped Hampden as the last soft chords died away into silence.

The next day pretty Faith Coriton was married in the old church of Katterham, and Mr. Bennett, being eager to reach Gloucester as soon as might be, carried her off that very afternoon in defiance of custom, protesting that it was far better to make the first stage of their journey as

early as might be, since there was no saying how soon hostilities might begin, and the roads become dangerous. The parting between the sisters was a sad one, but Clemency did not altogether break down, she only went about looking pale and stunned, and with the strange far-away look in her eyes that Joscelyn had more than once noticed.

Hampden did not long outstay the bride and bridegroom. While his horse was being saddled he waited in the library with little Monnie on his knee, and Prue, Hal, and even shy Hester, clustered round his chair. Genial and kindly and full of rare sympathy, it seemed to them all, when he rose to go, as if the sunshine were going out of the house. Clemency's tears, bravely kept back so long, rose now. He stooped to kiss her.

"Farewell, dear child," he said, tenderly. "May God bless you. I will not forget your gift to the country."

Then, turning to Joscelyn, who had instinctively risen to his feet, though under

orders to keep his knee absolutely still, he grasped his hand warmly, looking full into his eyes with kind, earnest inquiry.

"Farewell, Mr. Heyworth," he said. "I do not yet give up the hope that we may meet again and fight beneath the same banner. If ever I can be of service to you, let me know."

The others followed him out to the door, and Joscelyn, with a sigh, fell back again on his couch.

Should he meet this king of men again? he wondered; and, if so, would it be as friend or as foe?

## CHAPTER V.

A man has as much right to use his own understanding in judging of truth as he has a right to use his own eyes to see his way.—WHICHCOTE.

SHORTELL PARK had now for nearly three weeks been the scene of daily drilling. By slow degrees the little troop had increased in numbers, and what with Dick's persuasiveness, the zeal of good old Sir Thomas, who had returned from Yorkshire, the threats of Jervis, and the excitement and novelty of receiving instruction from a grim old veteran who had served in more than one foreign war, the villagers were stirred up into a most warlike spirit and contributed their men willingly enough. To watch the drilling was little Rosamond Heyworth's great delight; and one Friday evening she might have been seen in her

usual nook under the ash tree near the park gates with her usual companions—Cymro, a Welsh colley belonging to her brothers, and old Barnaby, the gatekeeper.

It was easy to tell that Rosamond was Joscelyn's sister; the two were curiously alike, and, in spite of a certain fragile look about the little girl's face, it was quite clear that though there might be physical weakness, there was an unusual force of character and a vigorous intelligence in this twelve-year-old maiden. Rosamond was the youngest of the family by several years. No one had specially welcomed her advent; she had always been kept sedulously in the background, and from a very early age she had learnt to live her own life to herself, and to expect little from outsiders. The servants snubbed her, the chaplain, who acted as tutor, set her woefully long tasks, her mother rarely spoke except to chide, and her father was so wrapt up in his daughter Isabella that he seemed to have little love to spare for this shy, silent child, who had never been

encouraged to show her love for him, and would not have dared to speak unless spoken to. Favouritism in parents has worked mischief ever since the days of Jacob, and Sir Thomas, though he little thought it, had wrought no small harm by his blind devotion to Isabella. The elder daughter ruled the whole house, her every wish was gratified, and she was so completely spoiled by the process that her punishment was already beginning to affect her and to render her peevish and discontented. To the outside world her faults were only too apparent; she was far from popular, and this, to one of her *exigeant* nature, was a never-ceasing annoyance.

Sir Thomas was responsible, too, for Rosamond's shy reserve, and for many a heartache never confessed save to Cymro, her safe confidant. For Rosamond knew that she loved her father and mother quite as well as Isabella did, and though she accepted her lot in life quietly, nothing could make her see the justice of the way in which she was treated.

"For you see, Cymro," she would say, burying her hot face in the dog's soft neck and hugging him closely, "when Isabella is ill—even a very little ill—the whole household is all in a stir, and she is cockered up with all the comforts you can think of, and, perhaps, taken away to Tunbridge or Epsom, which must alone be enough to cure folks just with the happiness of the journey; but if I am ill they do but blame me and bid me not to complain, or, if past that, they leave me to lie in bed all day alone, and give me vile draughts by way of cure, and will not even let me have you up-stairs."

Then Cymro would lick the hot little face with his soft, comforting tongue, and the child would lavish on the dog the ardent, clinging love which nature had intended to be bestowed on the parents.

But, fortunately, there came intervals when life was much brighter for Rosamond. The boys came home from school or college every now and then, and with Joscelyn and Dick the little sister was on the happiest

terms; she loved them both dearly, but her love for Joscelyn almost amounted to worship. He had always been kind to her —tender where others were rough, and, above all, just where others were unjust. Moreover, Joscelyn was her mediator; though he himself was one of the despised youngers of the family, yet there was something about him—an undefined charm of manner, or, perhaps, a latent strength of will—which gave him, in spite of his birth, a position of his own in the household. He could hardly fail to be popular, and he was often able to win slight concessions from the authorities for poor little Rosamond, who envied his fearless courage and looked up to him with boundless admiration. The only other person who was really fond of her was old Barnaby, the gatekeeper; he was her great ally, and on this August evening the two were, as usual, talking away very comfortably to each other.

"Barnaby," said the child, looking up into the broad, honest face of the gatekeeper, with its ruddy, weather-beaten skin and

bushy, grizzled hair, "Barnaby, I wish they would go on drilling for ever and ever. I like very much to watch them here, but it will be terrible when they have gone off to the war; it will be *horrible*, Barnaby."

Barnaby cleared his throat and began to sing in a quavering old voice a rhyme which he much affected—

> "There was an army went into Spain,
> When it got there it came back again."

Rosamond laughed; she knew that the song was a satire on the unlucky Spanish expedition which had so greatly enraged the English against the late Duke of Buckingham.

"Do you think, Barnaby, that it will be like that with this army? Do you think, perhaps, after all, there will be no fighting?"

"Maybe, maybe not," said Barnaby. "Nobody can say beforehand. But it's my belief that this here dispute will devilup into the biggest war England has ever seen."

Rosamond, who never could resist a smile at Barnaby's pronunciation of the word

"develop," turned aside and began to gather the buttercups within her reach.

"I tell you what I wish, Barnaby," she said, after a pause. "I do wish women could go to the war and men stay behind."

"Mercy on us!" cried Barnaby, shaking his head. "Why, mistress, that is a strange wish! How should the likes of you go out killing and being killed?"

"I am only a child and should stay at home," said Rosamond, decidedly; "but I would much rather that my father and the boys stayed at home, and that my mother and my sister and cross old nurse and the rest of the maids went away."

Barnaby's broad shoulders shook, and he laughed quietly as he protested that it would never do. But Rosamond, as she watched the villagers being drilled, went on carrying out her plan in her own mind.

"Men are always nicer than women," she reflected. "It will be very dreary at home without the boys, but without Isabella it would be *delightful*."

She clenched her hands at the thought,

for though to all outward appearance the most gentle and submissive of children, within she was often enough like a little volcano, and Isabella's real unkindness and injustice had stirred up a smouldering jealousy into active hatred. She was startled back to the present by a sudden movement on the part of Cymro, who bounded towards the gate with curious little whines of gladness. Rosamond sprang to her feet.

"'Tis Joscelyn!" she cried, running at full speed across the grass and flinging open the gate long before old Barnaby could reach it.

Joscelyn dismounted as soon as he caught sight of the little flying figure, his face, which had been strangely grave, brightened into a smile as the child gave him a rapturous greeting.

"Well, Fair Rosamond," he said, stroking her golden curls. "As usual, you are the first to welcome me. How are you, Barnaby? What! drilling going on in the park? Is Dick there?"

"No," said Rosamond, clinging to his arm, "they are all at supper, and there are guests. They were playing bowls till late, but now they are gone into the house. Isabella said I was not to be seen because my gown is shabby. But you"—with a sigh—"you are hungry, doubtless, and will go in to them."

"No, I will stay with you," said Joscelyn. "Have my father and Jervis returned?"

He sighed as she replied in the affirmative. They began to walk slowly up the carriage-drive, and Joscelyn glanced from the men at drill to the familiar red-brick manor with its clustering ivy, its comfortable, home-like look. Rosamond was startled by the sorrowful gravity of his face. She began to feel uneasy.

"Oh, Joscelyn!" she said, "how I do wish there was no such thing as war! Why must you fight against the Parliament? Why *must* you?"

"I cannot fight against the Parliament," he said, gravely.

Rosamond's brain seemed to reel.

"You mean——" she gasped. "You mean that——?"

He finished the sentence for her.

"That in these three weeks I have come to see things as I never saw them before, and it is no longer possible for me to fight on the side my father has chosen."

Rosamond was silent because she saw one of the grooms approaching them, but when he had led away the horse she spoke in a low, almost terrified voice.

"You will take the opposite side to our father?" she cried. "You will fight against the King? Oh, Joscelyn—why?"

By this time they had reached the terraced garden; he led her down one of the sheltered paths into a little arbour at the far end.

"'Tis not against the King as king that I would fight, but against his tyranny, against a despotism that must bring ruin upon England," he said, gravely. "Till October, however, I am not of age, and if my father wills it I can go out of the country until peace is restored. Do you think

I willingly differ from him and from Dick ?"

The terrible pain in his face cut her to the heart. She threw her arms round his neck.

"I know you will do what is right," she said, vehemently.

Her child-like trust seemed to comfort him. He began to tell her the details of his stay at Katterham Court, of Hampden's visit, and of his gradual change of views, or rather of his first dawning of any sort of political knowledge ; and Rosamond, spite of her youth, was able to understand to a great extent the position he had taken up, though her thoughts would turn back, notwithstanding her patriotic efforts, to the perception of the grievous way in which Joscelyn's views must affect their home life.

"Tell Dick, as you have told me, alone," she pleaded. "Tell him before you tell the others, for he will grieve over it more because he so greatly loves and admires the King."

Joscelyn sighed heavily. There was a

silence, only the splashing of a fountain on the lawn close by broke the stillness. Presently Rosamond gave a start of fear.

"What is the matter?" asked Joscelyn.

"Hush!" she whispered. "I am sure I hear voices. Yes. Hark! it is Isabella and Sir Toby Blount. Oh, where shall I go? She will be so angry if this shabby gown is seen."

"I will go to meet them and inveigle them into the other path," said Joscelyn, getting up. "Then when we are out of hearing you can escape unseen."

Rosamond, still trembling, yet with a happy consciousness that with Joscelyn as helper no harm could come to her, peeped out cautiously through the leafy bower to see the meeting. Isabella, in her white satin gown, was glancing up coquettishly at little Sir Toby, with his faultless features, and his eager eyes, and his scented lovelocks. Rosamond wondered what she could see to like in him, and contrasted him in her mind with her father's fine, manly figure, with Dick's frank, boyish

looks, and with Joscelyn's goodly presence and noble face. The lovers both started at the sudden apparition that blocked their way, but Isabella, though excessively annoyed at the interruption, was obliged to smile sweetly and give her brother a sisterly greeting, with many inquiries after his injured knee. And after a little manœuvring, all the time talking with the utmost cheerfulness, and explaining how he had been told on his arrival that they were at supper, Joscelyn contrived to lead them away from the arbour, not leaving them until Rosamond had had ample time to escape.

Then he made his way to the house, and with a very sore heart received his father's delighted welcome ; but, fortunately, the guests occupied Sir Thomas a good deal, and when later on Joscelyn, having supped and changed his clothes, made his way into the withdrawing-room, he found every one playing cards, and was glad enough to take a hand and forget for a while the cloud that hung over him.

"You are not looking well," said his mother, glancing at him across the card-table.

"'Tis doubtless the effect of three weeks within-doors," said Joscelyn.

"Then Dick will soon effect your cure," said Lady Heyworth, laughing. "He will have you out at drill from morning to night, I warrant you."

Joscelyn's colour rose a little; he changed the subject abruptly.

"Is it Sir John's deal or mine?" he asked.

The question recalled Lady Heyworth to the game, and the evening passed without any further *contretemps*.

It was not until the guests rose to go that Joscelyn was once more conscious of a terrible sense of loneliness and separation, for Sir John Winton made some allusion to the war, and the others caught it up, so that for a few minutes the whole room seemed full of that all-absorbing subject. He stood listening in silence, then, unable to endure his isolation, left the room on

the pretext of seeing whether the coaches had come up to the door. When at length the last of the guests had gone, he realised that after all they had been a protection, that they had, at least, helped to defer the evil day, and that the time had now come when he must tell Dick. The only comfort was that from Jervis's sharp eyes and tongue he had nothing to fear, since the heir to Shortell Manor lay drunk on the floor of the dining-room. Sir Thomas, with a sigh and a shrug of his broad shoulders, gave orders that he should be carried to his room, and then, turning to Joscelyn with the air of perfect confidence and affection that had wrung his son's heart at Lincoln, bade him a kindly good-night.

"'Tis the greatest relief to me to have you at home once more," he said. "I have sorely needed you. Good-night, my lad; to-morrow there are many matters I must discuss with you."

Joscelyn went up the broad staircase with dim eyes, and to Dick's unbounded

astonishment, had no sooner reached their bedroom, than he broke down altogether, and sobbed like a child. With his own pain he had been face to face for the last week, but the pain he was about to give to others had only been faintly imagined. Now he knew what lay before him.

## CHAPTER VI.

Those whom God will single out for the greatest trials, He will fit aforehand with the best enablements.—Ralph Browning, 1592—1659.

Rosamond slept little that night. "The boys," as they were still called, had always occupied the room next to hers, and with feverish anxiety she heard them talking on and on for hours when all the rest of the household slept. At first they seemed to be arguing with some heat, but soon the voices grew quieter, the sentences longer, the tone, she fancied, sadder. When the family all met together the next morning, Rosamond looked anxiously towards her brothers. They seemed on perfectly good terms with each other, but still there was no mistaking the trouble in both faces, or the endeavours that each made to keep

the conversation in safe channels. Joscelyn had planned to ask for an interview with his father when breakfast was over, and then, alone and free from interruption, to tell him the whole truth. Dick had promised to keep Jervis out of the way, and they had intended to give Rosamond a hint to occupy her mother's attention, if possible, for as long as might be. But the best-arranged plans are often frustrated, and unluckily Jervis, with an aching head and irritable temper after his carouse of the preceding night, was eager to find fault with something or some one, and speedily became aware of the boys' depression.

"You two look as gloomy as mutes at a funeral!" he said, impatiently. "A pretty pair of soldiers you will make if you have no better spirit than this."

"Dick has shown more ardour in the cause than you," said Sir Thomas, shortly, "and as for Joscelyn, I warrant he will fight for the King as boldly as any man. Eh, my son?"

There was dead silence. Rosamond saw

the colour rush into Joscelyn's face; she made a desperate attempt to help him.

"Is it not fortunate," she began, "that his knee is——"

But her mother checked her sharply.

"Rosamond," she said, "you forget yourself. How often must I tell you that you are not to speak until you are spoken to?"

The child's head drooped; she waited in an agony of suspense to see what would happen.

"Did I not tell you, sir, at Lincoln," said Jervis, with a grating laugh, "this cock will not fight? Joscelyn will take his ease at home with his books, while we go out to battle. At heart he is a Puritan."

The father looked from one to the other, annoyance and perplexity in his honest old face. At Lincoln Joscelyn had fired up indignantly at a similar reproach, now he sat silent with downcast eyes.

"Come, my lads, don't quarrel," he said. "We need all our strength against the enemy, and cannot afford to dispute among ourselves. Why don't you speak, Joscelyn?

Let us have done with this nonsense. Tell him that you will fight for the King—ay, and die for him if need be."

Joscelyn glanced hurriedly round, conscious of a desperate wish to see once more the faces of his family before they were for ever changed to him. The look of pain in his eyes startled Sir Thomas as it had startled Rosamond in the arbour.

"It cuts me to the heart, sir, to grieve you," said Joscelyn, speaking with a great effort, "but I cannot fight against the Parliament."

Sir Thomas neither spoke nor moved; the blow had stunned him.

Jervis broke into a laugh.

"So the murder is out at last!" he said, mockingly. "Does your extremely sensitive conscience allow you to handle the sword at all? And shall we have the pleasure of fighting against you? I trow not. You will stay at home like the coward that you are."

But this was more than flesh and blood could stand. Joscelyn sprang to his

feet, and in an instant had drawn his rapier.

"Liar!" he cried, furiously.

Dick, however, flung himself between the two blades and, amid shrieks from Lady Heyworth and Isabella, Sir Thomas thundered out a command that they should desist, and, lest words should not suffice, wrenched the weapon from Joscelyn's hand.

"You are no coward," he said; "I grant you that. But you are worse—you are a traitor. Great God! to think that a son of mine should be disloyal to his King!"

He broke off in speechless wrath and grief. Joscelyn's anger cooled a little; he forgot Jervis and began to think only of his father.

"Sir," he said, "you cannot think that I willingly pain you. And if you wish it I will not stir in this quarrel, but will go to France or Italy till the country is at peace once more."

"Go to the devil!" said Sir Thomas, passionately. "Do you think I shall spend another penny on you? What! send you

to foreign parts to enjoy yourself as a reward for your disloyalty? Nay, in truth, I will arrest you rather, and save his Majesty from one dastardly traitor. You would not scruple to fight against your King, and I do not scruple to put you under arrest. Would to God you had never been born!"

"Sir," pleaded Joscelyn, "at least hear me, let me tell you how——"

But Sir Thomas, who was now in a towering rage, interrupted him with a volley of oaths.

"Let me neither hear your traitorous tongue, nor see your face till you have repented, till you have returned to your allegiance. Wife, let me have the key of the tapestry room. 'Twill at least serve as a prison, and may bring this fool to his senses."

Lady Heyworth drew forth a key from her cabinet.

"Let the chaplain first argue with him," she urged. "He does not, perchance, understand how in fighting against the King he fights against the Church too."

"Nay," said Sir Thomas, vehemently, "I will have him under lock and key first, and you can try your arguings afterwards. Now, boy, either swear this minute to fight against the rebels, or else I arrest you as a traitor."

Joscelyn's face suddenly changed. The sorrowful, downcast expression was chased away by a flash of enthusiasm.

"To the Parliament I vow my service!" he cried. "And may God preserve the liberties of England!"

"Let this traitor be removed!" shouted Sir Thomas. "Jervis, fetch in the men and let him be taken at once."

"There is no need to use force, sir," said Joscelyn, quietly. "I shall submit to your word better than to a pack of servants."

He gave one glance towards poor Rosamond, and then followed his father out of the room, while Jervis and Dick from different motives hurriedly closed up the rear.

For a moment Rosamond remained at table, tears streaming down her face, though

her sobs were restrained in a curious unchild-like fashion, the result of her severe training. But when she found that her mother and Isabella were far too much absorbed in discussing Joscelyn's unfortunate views to notice her, she slipped quietly from the room, crossed the square entrance-hall, and flew up the broad staircase and along the corridors till she came to the wing in which was situated the tapestry room, long disused because it was said to be haunted. Her father was just unlocking the door, and with a sort of shuddering curiosity mingled with her grief, she stole up on tiptoe and peeped in as well as she could between Dick and a shabby old curtain hanging before the oriel window in the passage.

At rare intervals the haunted room was swept out, but the windows were boarded up, and it had never been used since the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when a certain John Heyworth, the young orphan heir to the estate, had been murdered by his guardian in the very same old four-

post bed which Rosamond now caught sight of.

Into this dread abode Joscelyn found himself securely locked and bolted; he flung himself into the first chair he came to, far too much agitated by all that had passed to give a thought as yet to his surroundings. That his father was a hot-tempered man he had always known, but he had never before seen him so deeply wounded, so full of grief as well as of wrath. Had it not been for his love for Sir Thomas, his perception of the staunch faithfulness of his father to that idea of the divine right of the King to receive the passive and unreasoning obedience of the subject, he would perhaps have found time to be indignant with the way in which he was treated. But the ignominy of his imprisonment did not greatly affect him; it was of deeper things that he thought; of the hopelessness of the separation that had arisen between him and all he loved best; of the dark, mysterious future awaiting not himself alone but the whole country; of

the strangely-mingled good and evil, on either side. The thought of the war brought him back to his own situation. He had vowed his service to the Parliament, but he knew well enough that his father's vow to keep him in durance till he would swear to change sides had been registered just as firmly, and with just as strong a consciousness of right. Heyworths were not in the habit of yielding, and he built nothing on the chance that either of them might think of relenting.

He knew that Sir Thomas was quite capable of keeping him a prisoner for weeks if necessary, and that the war should last longer than a few weeks was a contingency that had as yet occurred to no one in the country. All thought that one great battle would settle the dispute.

But Joscelyn had no intention of occupying the haunted room longer than he could help; he had not been in it an hour before he was calculating the chances of escape. Fortunately the sun was full on the room, so that in spite of the boarded windows a

fair amount of light stole in through cracks and crevices, the knots in the wood gleaming out ruddily. He wondered whether escape in that direction were possible, but he had no sort of weapon with which to work at the closely-nailed boards. He then lifted the tapestry on each of the walls, hoping that by chance there might be some secret door or sliding panel leading into the adjoining room; the process half choked him with dust, but his search was useless. He began to fear that he could not get out unless he had the help of some accomplice in the household, and from this idea he shrank, dreading lest he should bring trouble on others. All at once, the only available way of escape occurred to him. With hurried steps he crossed the room to the fireplace, and looked anxiously up the wide old chimney. If his knee did not play him false he thought he could manage it; the part he felt uncertain about was the possibility of descent from the outside, till suddenly, as he was musing over the position of the chimney-stack, he recollected

that it also contained the chimney of the room immediately below. This room had recently been fitted up as a private study for the chaplain, who, not being of a superstitious frame of mind, had no objection at all to the ghostly rappings and scufflings overhead. If, then, Joscelyn could climb up the chimney of the tapestry room and down the chimney of the chaplain's study, he might, if he chose his time carefully, walk out of the house with the greatest ease. Throwing himself back in the chair once more, he thought out by degrees his plan of action. To attempt the escape at once was out of the question, for it was a Saturday, and on that day the chaplain was sure to be writing his sermons. He must wait until Sunday; then, in the evening, when the family were at church and the chaplain safely in the pulpit, he would at any rate make the attempt. There was only one part of this plan from which he shrank; he could not endure to go away without a word of farewell to Dick and Rosamond, yet he dared not take them

into the secret of his escape, lest afterwards they should be questioned by Sir Thomas. At last he resolved on a compromise; he would write Rosamond a note asking her to be in the arbour in the garden on Sunday evening while the rest were at church, and to induce Dick to stay with her. He knew that the child never went to the evening service, and that Dick could very well stay at home without provoking any remark, while as to Jervis, it was highly improbable that he would be sober.

Having once determined upon this plan he set his wits to work as to the letter itself. He thought it possible that either Dick or Rosamond would contrive to steal up to speak to him before night, and he could easily slip a letter under the door to them, but the worst difficulty would be to find anything to write on. After some little trouble he managed to wrench from the wall a nail which supported an ill-drawn picture of poor John Heyworth—this would serve both to draw blood from his wrist and to scrawl fairly legible charac-

ters; he then hunted all over the place for something upon which it was possible to write; at last, and not without a shudder of distaste, he came to the bed itself and drew back the dingy old hangings. Tradition had handed down the story of the murdered boy, and the details flashed back now into Joscelyn's mind. It was just fifty years ago that the treacherous guardian, who had been next heir to the estate, had stolen into this tapestry room in the dead of night and had attempted to strangle his ward; John Heyworth had, however, been roused, and a desperate struggle had ensued; finally he had been stabbed, but the guardian had managed to deceive every one, and to make it appear that the youth had broken a blood-vessel. He succeeded to the estate, but the ghost of his victim left him no peace, and although he had the tapestry room entirely closed, the visitant from another world pursued him wherever he went, and the matter so preyed on his mind that he fell sick and died within a year, making full confession in his last

moments. The estate had then passed to quite another branch of the family, the Lincolnshire Heyworths. Sir Thomas's father had lived for two-and-twenty years at Shortell, and in 1615 Sir Thomas had come into the property. Curiously enough, the ghost still continued to haunt the tapestry room, and Joscelyn as a child had often heard, with shuddering awe, the blows, the scuffling of feet, and the piercing cries which at times penetrated to the rest of the house.

The murderer had decreed that the room should be left precisely as it was at the time of John Heyworth's death. Joscelyn perceived as he drew aside the rotten old curtains that the very bed-clothes were still there. Shivering a little, he drew back the mouldy coverlet and blanket; the sheets had been removed, but even in the dim light he could see a dark stain on the bed beneath. A feeling of chill horror crept over him; he would have turned away had it not been for a strange sense of expectancy for which he could not account. He

lifted aside the pillow, and slightly raised the bolster under it. To his surprise he saw a small brown volume, and taking it up, found that it was a psalter, and that in many places the edges of the leaves and even the margins were stained, as though blood had trickled over them. Somehow the sight of it made the past curiously vivid to him, and a sense of deep compassion for his young kinsman took possession of his heart. He crossed the room to look once more in the uncertain light at the picture which he had just taken from the wall; he even fancied a sort of likeness between himself and the youth with the fair hair and broad Elizabethan ruff, whose eyes looked back at him from the picture with such curious sadness.

Beside the bed there was a sconce for a candle, which he had not before noticed. He pictured to himself how John Heyworth had read the psalms for the evening, had put out the light, had drawn those very curtains, and had fallen asleep at peace with God and man; how he had been roused to

find the foul treachery of his guardian, and to make a desperate but ineffectual effort to save himself. He wondered why he had never before thought with strong sympathy of his dead kinsman, and had been content to regard "The Ghost" with trembling awe and vague dislike. This book under the pillow had made John Heyworth human to him, and it was with a sort of apology to the murdered boy that he tore the flyleaf from the psalter and, while the light still lasted, traced upon it the message for Rosamond. This done he wiped the mould from the covers of the book and put it in the pocket of his doublet, re-arranged the bed, drew the curtains, and retired once more to the high-backed chair by the hearth.

Slowly and wearily the hours dragged by. He heard the sounds of drilling in the park, he heard Rosamond practising Whitelocke's coranto on her lute, he heard his father's voice and the chaplain's in the room below. But no one came near him, and at last it became clear to him that his im-

prisonment was to be rendered as hard as possible, and that he need not look for food or water before the morrow.

Towards evening for very weariness he fell asleep, but the straight-backed chair, though possessing old-fashioned high sides to it, which had seemed comfortable enough at first, proved but a chilly couch, and Joscelyn's sleep was uneasy, and broken by horrible dreams. Just at midnight he was roused by the most appalling noise in the room. The well-known sounds which in the distance had often made his blood run cold, were now in his very ears; his heart beat wildly, it seemed to him that evil spirits filled the room, he could hear the flapping of their wings, could hear their hideous cries, and before that awful dread of the mysterious and unseen his courage fled. He cowered back in the depths of the chair, cursing the fate that had condemned him to pass a night in the midst of such horrors. A deadly fight was going on close to the bed, there could be no manner of doubt as to that; but blackest darkness filled the room,

and he could see nothing whatever. That the spirit of John Heyworth was uttering those fearful shrieks he somehow could not any longer bring himself to believe. Possibly he might have been permitted to haunt the guilty conscience of his murderer, but now, surely, "after life's fitful fever" he rested well. Could it, he wondered, be the torment of the faithless guardian to re-enact that ghastly tragedy with the *rôles* reversed, and to struggle against demons for his life? The thought was hardly calculated to lessen his terror, and an overmastering desire for light possessed him. He thought of the sconce beside the bed, but the remains of the candle had long ago mouldered away. Then he remembered that a tinder-box had stood on a rude bracket close by it, and trembled at the thought of crossing the room to fetch it. Vexed to find that his knees smote together, he forced himself to get up and cautiously to grope his way by the wall in the direction of the sconce; the combatants were far too much absorbed in their deadly strife to heed his

movements, and with throbbing heart he drew nearer and yet nearer, till at last he had seized the box, and drawing forth the flint and steel struck them with desperate energy. The tinder flared up, and Joscelyn, glancing round eagerly, saw to his amazement that all this ghastly and terrifying noise had been produced by three bats, which were engaged in a desperate fight. At the sudden light they dispersed with shrill screams, two of them instantly making for the fireplace, the other retreating with flapping wings to the bed tester, where, doubtless, it had long found a home. In his relief he laughed at the thought that such harmless things had, with the help of darkness and tradition, driven him almost out of his senses with fright. Then returning once more across the dark room he settled himself for the night in the depths of the old chair, and, falling asleep, dreamed that John Heyworth stood beside him bidding him take courage, telling him that in all his loneliness he was not forsaken, but compassed by great hosts of witnesses; reminding him

that earthly existence with its pain and strife was but "as a dream when one awaketh," and that beyond lay the real life which alone could satisfy the heart of man. His night in the haunted room taught him for ever to disbelieve in the vulgar tales of noisy and terrifying ghosts, but to believe more than he had ever done before that the world of the seen and the world of the unseen were really as closely united as the body and the spirit of man himself. In truth, he needed all the comfort that could be brought to him in sleep, for it was painful enough to wake the next morning to the recollection of his father's anger, and to the thought that he must this day go forth into exile, penniless, unarmed, and alone. As the clock struck five he heard a low tap at the door; some one called him by his name; it was Rosamond.

"Joscelyn," she whispered, as he drew close to the keyhole, "I could not come before, they watched me too closely. Did the ghost harm you? I hardly slept for fearing it."

"On the contrary, he has done me good service," said Joscelyn. "But do not stay here, lest they find you out. See, I have written you a letter. Do not fail me."

He pushed the flyleaf of the psalter under the door, and Rosamond stole away to read it in secret, then to discuss it with Dick, who was quite unable to guess in what way escape from the tapestry room could be effected. However, it was agreed that they should keep their own counsel, and, as Joscelyn wished, wait for him in the arbour that evening.

In the tapestry room the hours passed heavily enough; shortly after the usual breakfast hour Joscelyn heard the bolts of his door withdrawn, and, somewhat to his surprise, his mother entered, bearing in her own hands a loaf and a jug of water. Most of Lady Heyworth's love had been lavished on her two elder children, but Joscelyn had always got on well with his mother, and his love for her was very great; when he saw the cloud on her brow his heart sank within him.

"Have you thought better of your folly?" she asked, coldly.

"I have not changed my mind, mother," he replied. And then, an odd giddiness seizing him, he took up the jug of water which she had set down on the floor, and drank thirstily. She stood watching him intently, and as she watched the cloud on her face darkened, and her brown eyes grew hard and pitiless.

"I am glad you do suffer," she said. "You have brought misery enough to your father and to me at a time when there was need of comfort rather than of fresh trouble."

"Mother!" he cried, desperately, "do not let these matters come between us. After all, how can they touch my love to you—my duty? I will be content not to fight—will stay here at Shortell; it is not fit that you should be left alone in this country-house in war-time."

"I am very sensible of your kindness," she said, mockingly. "But I should prefer to have in the house any loyal yeoman or

peasant. What! do you think I would have as protector, or own as my son, one of the King's enemies? Nay, indeed, until you change your mind I will see you no more!"

She turned as though to go, but he strode forward and stood in front of the door. Something in his face frightened her, perhaps it was the grief, perhaps the resoluteness of his expression.

"Then kiss me, mother," he said; "for this is our last meeting."

The conviction with which he spoke the words, and perhaps a faint return of motherly pride in the tall, strong figure blocking the way, and almost commanding a farewell, suddenly broke down her pride. She kissed him, and went from the room weeping. The sight of her tears was almost more than he could endure; he paced to and fro in hopeless misery. After all, had John Heyworth's fate been so sad? Would not death—an early death — solve all these miserable problems and end the worst of the separation? It is a mistake to think that it is

only the aged who look forward to death with longing; there are moments in youth when the sick distaste for life, the fierce craving for freedom from pain, work upon the mind much more actively, though doubtless, in a healthy nature, they are soon conquered. Stretched on the floor of the deserted room, his face hidden, his frame shaken with sobs, Joscelyn Heyworth fought his way through his first great trouble, and presently, exhausted by want of food and by strong emotion, sleep fell upon him, and once more the spirit of his dead kinsman brought him comfort. It spoke of the shortness, yet of the vast importance, of the life on earth—the sole time in which it is given to man to suffer for the truth; and when, before long, Joscelyn awoke, he rose with a strange new energy of endurance, a sense that he was needed, and called and entrusted with a part in the great struggle for freedom. It was well for him that he could not look on into the future, could not tell how slowly, how painfully, with what dire checks liberty would gradually advance

—well for him that he thought a few months would bring in the reign of peace and justice. For most truly "we are saved by hope," and the disappointments and griefs, which would be intolerable were they foreseen as a whole, can be borne as they come to us one by one.

Refreshed by sleep and food, he began to feel eager to attempt his escape, and the hours of waiting seemed long to him. Sometimes he read in the psalter, sometimes studied the picture of John Heyworth, or the quaint designs on the tapestry, and then again he would pace to and fro trying to plan out his future life, and wondering where and how he should again meet Mr. Hampden. At last, to his relief, he heard the bells of Shortell Church ringing for evening service; later on, listening intently, he heard the closing of the great front door, and the steps and voices of those who were going to church. When the bells ceased chiming and the process of tolling in began, he knew that his time was come. With one more look round the haunted room where he

had passed through so grievous a struggle, he turned away, and with some difficulty worked his way up the wide, old-fashioned chimney, where the two bats had disappeared on the previous night. At last, breathless and half choking, he reached the place where the other chimney opened into the shaft. Here he paused for a minute or two, thankful to find a ledge that would support him. The ascent had been manageable, but about the descent of the chaplain's chimney he did not feel quite so easy in his mind. Luckily he had a steady head, and was well used to athletics, and though the descent was difficult and dangerous, and the prospect of lying on the hearth below with broken bones more than once flashed across him as with every muscle strained he cautiously made his way down, yet in the end he found himself standing safely on the floor of the study, giddy and shaken, with strained and bleeding hands, but otherwise none the worse for his adventure.

Opening the door, he listened for a minute, but the house was perfectly still.

The servants were far away in the north wing, and even if they heard steps would merely think that Dick had come in from the garden. So he quietly walked along the corridor into the hall, and up-stairs to his room, and having washed off the soot and dust with which he was begrimed, and hastily changed his clothes, he snatched up his hat and cloak and stole down again, going by a side door into the garden. In three minutes he had gained the shrubbery, and, striding along the paths by which he had only two days before conducted Isabella and Sir Toby, he hurried towards the arbour, where Dick and Rosamond greeted him with exclamations of surprise and delight.

"How did you manage to get out?" cried Rosamond. "And, oh, look at your hands! how you have hurt them!"

"The brickwork of the chimneys is rough. But that is nothing," he replied, sitting down between them. "I am out and free, and can breathe again. The air of that room is like a vault."

"But what will you do?" said Dick, whose merry, careless face had grown very grave. "You have no money."

"Not a farthing," said Joscelyn. "But I have a good pair of legs, at any rate, and it will go hard with me if I cannot contrive to reach Mr. Hampden and claim his promise of help—which help, I take it, will be a post in his regiment."

"I lost what little I had at play last night," said Dick, ruefully, "or it should have been yours."

"And I have but these few pennies," said Rosamond, "but they will be better than nothing;" and amid protests and laughter she succeeded in putting them into the pocket of his doublet. Soon, however, the sense of the parting that must come in a few minutes sobered them.

"There is one thing, Dick, which you will do for me," said Joscelyn, huskily; "be to my father what Jervis can never be, what I would fain have been."

"I can never make up to him for you," said Dick; "but I will not leave him, I

promise you. Oh, Joscelyn, is there no help for it? Must you indeed go?"

"There is no help," said Joscelyn, gravely. "Did we not talk it all out the other night? Neither of us can go against his conscience. Better to be opposed to each other than to be false to the sense of right."

He rose to go, but Rosamond clung to him with such bitter sobs that he was almost unnerved.

"Oh, why must it be?" she cried. "If only it could have been Jervis! Why—why is there war at all?"

That was the question going up from thousands of hearts in England on that peaceful August evening, and many households were as cruelly divided as this one—father against son, and brother against brother. There was a painful silence in the arbour. Dick, with a choking feeling in his throat, looked across at little Rosamond as she clung to her favourite brother, and he knew that for his sake Joscelyn would say no more as to the

necessity of war and the reasons for it. The silence was eloquent of love triumphant over all differences of view.

"Rosamond," said Joscelyn at last, "you will trust us both—ay, and pray for us both, I know."

She checked her tears with an effort.

"Always—always!" she said, fervently.

"We cannot tell what may happen," he went on; "but whenever it is possible I will send word to Barnaby, and he will tell you and Dick and hold his tongue to the rest of the household. You must tell him I trust to him, for I will not risk going to his house now. Time is getting on, and I ought not to linger."

The terror lest her father should by chance encounter Joscelyn came as a help to Rosamond's courage and carried her through the parting.

"Yes, go," she said, with a last kiss. "The service may be shorter to-night than usual, and you might be seen and taken."

Anxiety now drove out every other feeling, and she was in fact the only clear-

eyed one when, with a last embrace, Joscelyn tore himself away from Dick and in silence left the arbour. He would not let them come with him, but when his steps had died away in the distance they stole down to the edge of the shrubbery, and watched him as he crossed the park in the direction of a small wicket-gate at the south-eastern corner.

"Dick," said Rosamond, her voice faltering a little, "I believe he means to look in at the church that he may at least see the others once more."

Her instinct was right. Joscelyn left the park, walked hurriedly along the deserted road, passed through the churchyard gate, and strode up the bricked pathway which led between a narrow avenue of lime trees to the north porch. He did not enter the building, but crossed the grass to the south side and stole noiselessly up to one of the windows. The old Norman church, whose curiously-bowed pillars represented the sides of a ship, the familiar round-headed arches, the little side-chapel where from his

childhood he had come Sunday by Sunday with his parents, were all clearly revealed to him; he could even see the newly-erected brass to one "John Eager 20 March 1641," with its quaint design of a skeleton, and below the solemn warning—

> "Ye earthly impes which here behold
> This picture with your eyes,
> Remember the end of mortal men
> And where their glory lies."

Close by, in the Manor pew, with their backs to him, he could see his mother and Isabella, but his father's side-face was visible as he knelt with closed eyes, and, though sobs rose in Joscelyn's throat as he watched the old man's devout face, he was glad that he could take away a happier remembrance of his father than the remembrance of that last sight of him in fierce anger on the Saturday morning. The chaplain's voice reached him distinctly, and with all his heart he joined once more in the words hallowed by the use of so many centuries: "Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants—as may be most

expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting."

As the words of the grace were spoken he looked his last on his father's face, and moving out of sight leant for some minutes against the church wall, face and attitude alike telling of the grievous pain which tore his heart. Presently the sound of music roused him, and through the open windows there floated out to him the quaint words of one of the metrical psalms—

> "The Lord doth reign, whereat the earth
> May joy with pleasant voice,
> And eke the Isles with joyfull mirth
> May triumph and rejoice.
> Both clouds and darkness eke do swell
> And round about Him beat:
> Yea, right and justice ever dwell
> And bide about His feet."

Before the next verse was ended the graveyard was once more deserted; the lime trees rustled sadly in the evening breeze; the ruddy sunset light cast a glow over the old grey church and softened the more modern brickwork of the tower, and touched with

glory the tomb of John Heyworth. But within the church remained loyal old Sir Thomas, and without—a solitary wayfarer passed swiftly along the rough high-road.

## CHAPTER VII.

Both Heaven and Hell have their foundations within us. Heaven primarily lies in a refined temper, in an internal reconciliation to the nature of God, and to the rule of righteousness. The guilt of conscience and enmity to righteousness is the inward state of Hell.—WHICHCOTE.

JOSCELYN had turned his steps in the direction of the little town of Farnham, his road lying for part of the way through the Holt Forest, which at that time was of greater extent than at present. It was not exactly a road which one would have chosen to travel alone and unarmed, but he was too sad-hearted to give a thought to the possible dangers of the way, and he passed on unmolested in the summer twilight beneath the dark oaks and beeches. The loneliness, the semi-darkness, the utter

dreariness of the walk accorded only too well with his feelings, and it was a relief when he had left the forest behind him and had reached the outskirts of the town. By this time night was closing in; he paused for a minute, looking back towards his home. A cold light still lingered in the west, dappled with dark clouds; the sky looked, to his fancy, like the side of an iron-grey horse.

With a heavy heart he turned away and walked wearily on through the familiar little town. As he passed along West Street and the Borough it crossed his mind how, not so very long ago, his greatest treat had been to come in with Dick and old Barnaby to see the Farnham horse-fair. A great gulf seemed to lie between those past times and this dreary present; he seemed to himself like some other being, and nothing perhaps but the sharp pain of those old memories as they contrasted with his loneliness could have convinced him that he was in truth the same Joscelyn Heyworth. Lights still lingered in many of the windows, and from

the celebrated Bush Inn there came a cheerful glow and a sound of eager voices. He reflected that although he could not afford to pass the night anywhere except in the open air, yet that Rosamond's pence would at any rate pay for a manchet of bread and a tankard of ale, and his walk had served to remind him that during the last two days his fare had been but scanty. So he crossed the well-known courtyard, and receiving a respectful recognition from the landlord, was ushered into the parlour whence the babel of tongues had proceeded.

Mr. Giles Graham, of Guildford, and a party of friends had ridden over that evening and were supping, the landlord explained, and he proceeded to offer his guest all that the house would afford: a cut from an excellent saddle of mutton, a fat capon, devilled kidneys, or toasted cheese. Why any one should be ashamed of poverty, and especially of poverty voluntarily incurred for the sake of a principle, it is hard to say. But undoubtedly this human weakness is almost universal, and

Joscelyn, as he declined the dainties offered by his host, coloured up like a girl, and was convinced that the man could see that of silver and gold he had none. However, he soon recovered his equanimity, and forgot himself in the interest of the talk going on around him. Apparently Mr. Giles Graham had been drinking rather freely; he was a burly, thick-set man, and looked the soul of good-nature; he was talking to a sallow and rather surly-faced man at his right, and Joscelyn speedily discovered that the war was the subject under discussion.

"Surrey for the Parliament, do you say?" roared Mr. Graham; "I tell you the knaves are counting their chickens before they are hatched. There are plenty of loyal hearts in Surrey, I'll be bound."

"Of course, of course," said the sallow man, with a frown, "the very business we are met upon shows that. But already the rebels are beginning to attack the houses of the Catholic gentry, and to take all the arms they can lay hold of, and it behoves us to be as active. What chances

are there in your neighbourhood, Sir Andrew?"

The young man appealed to was invisible to Joscelyn, being far up on the same side of the table.

"There is only one, to the best of my belief," he replied, "but that would be worth trying. A fine strong Tudor house in a picked position, commanding three valleys and close to the road, with a good store of old arms, and, what is better, with plenty of spoil, for the place belongs to one of the richest men in the county."

"But doubtless it will be well defended," said Mr. Graham.

"I don't think it," said Sir Andrew; "old Sir Robert Neal is too easy-going and unsuspicious."

"Good; then that house shall head our list, and the sooner it is attacked the better," replied the other.

They proceeded to discuss various houses where arms might possibly be obtained, but the talk gradually became less coherent and more noisy; and presently, taking

advantage of a boisterous drinking chorus to cover his retreat, Joscelyn slipped quietly from the room. Either the supper-party had not noticed him at all, or in their noisy merriment had laid aside the prudence which would have suggested the possibility that this youth might belong to the Parliamentary party.

Having parted with the very last of Rosamond's pence, Joscelyn left the Bush and wandered out into the summer night. It was clearly now his duty to go to Katterham at once, and acquaint Sir Robert with what he had heard, but he was too tired to walk any farther that night, and having reached the outskirts of the town he bethought him that the park would prove a tolerably safe sleeping-place, and turning up past a wayside inn named the Six Bells, he scaled the park fence and soon found a sheltered nook, where, with a sloping bank behind him and a thick growth of brake-fern by way of covering, he made himself a tolerably comfortable bed. Yet it was long ere he could sleep, for his brain

was over-excited by the suffering he had passed through. He lay listening to the sighing of the wind in the tall elm trees above him, and as the church clock struck the hours it seemed to him as if the great bell were tolling for the death of his old life. "Gone, gone, gone!" it seemed to say. He wondered if his whole future was to be passed now in shadow; whether the brightness and lightheartedness which had hitherto buoyed him up through the slight troubles and disappointments he had met with could ever return to him. The stars were shining gloriously, and from the place where he lay he could clearly see Charles's Wain; he looked up at it, finding a sort of comfort in what for so long had been familiar to him. And presently the dark sky and the faint starlight brought back to his mind the words of the psalm which had been sung that evening in Shortell Church. Was it not possible even now "to triumph and rejoice"? Was it not possible even in this distracted England to trust in the eternal "right and justice"

of the One who ruled all things, One who in the right way, at the right time, would disperse the clouds and darkness that had gathered? This night of misrule and oppression was, after all, only a night, and even in the midst of it there were not wanting many witnesses shining forth like stars in the surrounding gloom, to remind all men that justice and truth and liberty were sacred and lasting realities, and that the dawn must break.

With this thought in his mind he fell asleep, and it was not until the early morning that a herd of deer passing by at a few yards' distance roused him. He started up from his bed of fern and looked about him, the cavalry of his dream resolving itself into the noble creatures with their branching antlers and soft brown eyes and beautifully dappled skin. He thought he had never seen anything so exquisite, as at sight of him they bounded lightly down the soft green slope, over which there rested a white veil of dew. The tall elms, with their masses of dark-green August foliage,

reared their heads solemnly into the clear blue sky; here and there fleecy white clouds floated, and something in the general stillness and peace—something, too, in the balmy freshness of the atmosphere—made Joscelyn for a moment almost ready to fancy that he had left the world which but last night had been so grievously at wrongs, and had waked in Paradise.

Then, gradually coming to himself, a great hopefulness took possession of him; the perfect morning seemed to breathe into him a different spirit. True, strife and pain and effort awaited the whole country, but he, for one, would ever keep before him that ideal of the reign of righteousness after the pattern of which all earthly governments should as far as possible strive to mould themselves. It seemed to him that he had never before realised the truth that, though men may hinder and mar the gradual progress of good, they are unable to overcome it in reality, and with his whole heart he thanked God that he had been able to give up all, and to devote his

will to the service of One to whom he owed more than either to King or father. Often afterwards he was obliged to pass through times of grievous depression and perplexity, yet he never lost for long the glad sense of working in unison with a Higher Will, which had first come to him in the beauty and peace of that early morning in Farnham Park. A penniless, disgraced exile, he nevertheless set forth with that best of possessions—the happiness which endures through sorrow.

Recollecting that, both on account of taking the warning to Katterham and also because pursuit from Shortell was still a possibility, he must not linger, he started off while it was still quite early, and began his walk along the high ridge of country known as the Hog's Back, to Guildford. Then, having rested for half-an-hour in the outskirts of the town, he struck across country, and, avoiding the neighbourhood of his uncle's house at Bletchingley, where his views were little likely to meet with sympathy, he mounted the wooded

height to which he had directed his course.

The sun was setting, and knowing that he was scarcely a mile from Katterham Court, he paused for a minute or two to rest at the top of the long hill. A glorious plain lay beneath him, bounded in the distance by three distinct chains of downs, while to the right, all flooded with a crimson glow, he could see the beautiful outline of Leith Hill. He was not sorry to think that his day's work was nearly over, and the final tramp over the old Roman Stane Street seemed long to him, but at last the common was crossed, the rough country lane was ended, and the gates and lodge of the Court House rose before him in the twilight. He rang and was speedily admitted, receiving a friendly greeting from the gatekeeper. A road bordered by a close shrubbery led towards the house, and, turning sharply to the left, soon brought him within sight of the red-brick mansion, with its gables and picturesque chimneys and moss-grown roof. It was

with a sense of keen pleasure that Joscelyn perceived Sir Robert Neal sitting in his elbow-chair at the open door, and the old man, catching sight of him, started up with a welcome so hearty and so kind that it was no longer possible for Joscelyn to feel himself alone in the world.

At the sound of his voice the children came running out, delighted to see him once more, and Clemency was summoned from the withdrawing-room where she sat with two distant kinswomen, Mrs. Arbella and Mrs. Ursula Neal, who, through the kindness of Sir Robert, had for many years lived rent free in the Dower House hard by. Joscelyn, who had been describing to Sir Robert the way in which he had heard of the possible attack on the Court House, broke off abruptly as Clemency and the two maiden ladies from the Dower House approached, for during his previous visit he had learnt that Mrs. Arbella and Mrs. Ursula were staunch Royalists.

They were, into the bargain, apt to regard ordinary members of the male sex with

little favour, and Joscelyn, though sincerely respecting them, somewhat resented the patronising tone of Mrs. Arbella and the seeming indifference of Mrs. Ursula. That the latter should be Clemency's greatest friend puzzled him much; he had not yet learnt to see the unselfish, devoted nature, the rare humility, which lay beneath Mrs. Ursula's rather cold countenance.

"Mr. Heyworth has kindly come out of his way to bring me important news," said Sir Robert. "By the way, I hope your horse is being seen to? Did one of the men take it?"

"I came on foot, sir," said Joscelyn, colouring in a way which revealed both to Sir Robert and to Clemency much of his story.

"On foot!" exclaimed Mrs. Arbella, with an expression of strong disapproval on her comely though wrinkled face. "It was extremely rash to walk such a distance when your injured knee is but recently restored! It was absolute madness!"

"It was necessity, madam," said Joscelyn,

with a touch of irritation in his voice. "As the proverb hath it, 'If wishes were horses beggars would ride,' but at present, those who are turned adrift on the world with empty pockets find wishing but an idle pastime, and must tramp it as they best may."

A kindly expression dawned in Mrs. Ursula's quiet face. Though far from sympathising with the views which Joscelyn had adopted, she could not but respect his courage and regret his pain.

"I trust the knee will be none the worse," she said, pleasantly. "But you must be weary with your journey, and I think, sister," she added, turning to Mrs. Arbella, "that we had better make our farewells, or the darkness will overtake us."

She wished Joscelyn good-night kindly, and, gathering up her black silk skirt in a way which revealed a pair of small feet and shapely ankles, prepared for the short walk across the park to the Dower House.

Mrs. Arbella followed her, commenting as they went, in her rapid, energetic way,

on the return of Joscelyn Heyworth. She was a lady who dealt out patronising judgments on the faults and failings of mankind with extraordinary volubility. Yet, in spite of this, there was something lovable about her which took the sting from her most sweeping condemnations.

"Oh, he is a handsome stripling, I grant," she said, "but I'll warrant that he is lacking in all reverence for authority. He must be headstrong, self-willed, and opinionated, to run counter to his home surroundings after this fashion. And I am not at all sure that he has not already an eye to the pretty heiress and these broad acres, and that his so-called love of the land is not love of this land we walk on. Doubtless the important news Sir Robert mentioned was but an excuse to get back to the Court House."

"Nay, nay," said Mrs. Ursula, "there I believe, sister, you wrong the poor lad. I am persuaded he has too much dignity and right feeling to dangle round an heiress. One who was capable of that would not

speak in the tone he used but now of being in the position of the penniless tramp. In respect for authority he may be lacking, but I cannot credit him with mercenary thoughts touching Clemency's inheritance."

"Poverty is a strong temptation," said Mrs. Arbella, not without a pathetic thought of the shabbiness of her sister's gown.

"Only to the weak," said Mrs. Ursula, with decision; "and, if I mistake not, Mr. Heyworth is strong, and does not lack proper pride."

Mrs. Arbella was silent. Pride and poverty appealed to her, for there was much of both in her own life.

"I am not prepared to say," she remarked, as the sisters entered their sparsely-furnished house, "that his family have done wisely in treating him with such severity. However mistaken his opinions, it is a dangerous thing for one of his age to be cast adrift without money, and it is well that he has fallen in with such a worthy man as Sir Robert, who must be esteemed even by his opponents. As for our good kinsman's

political errors, why, he is a man, and, like all men, easily misled by his own vain prejudices. Had he been born a woman, now, I venture to assert that he would have been as loyal to Church and King as we are ourselves."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Heart, my heart, what is this feeling,
That doth weigh on thee so sore?
What new life art thou revealing,
That I know myself no more?—GOETHE.

"*The Court House, Katterham,*
"*Friday, the* 12*th August*, 1642.

"MY DEAR FAITH—

"Your letter in reply to the first I wrote after hearing of your safe arrival has just been delivered to me by your brother-in-law's man, and since he goes on to London to-morrow and returns within a week to Gloucester, I shall give up the day to writing you all that has passed.

"But first let me tell you how I rejoice that we can write thus each to each, as we once talked, and that Christopher does not

demand a sight of the letters. For as three is dull company, so also is a correspondence which is enforcedly not betwixt writer and reader, but for a third eye and mind. How greatly would our chat weary him; as much methinks as the reading of his letters on business would weary us! In saying that the unity of husband and wife does not demand the laying bare of the confidences of kinsfolk or friends, but best proves its reality by its trust, he seems to me to show his wisdom and nobleness, and I feel able to spare you to him with a less grudging heart. But oh, Faith! there are times when I feel sick for one more sight of you, and the house is sorely changed by the lack of your voice and the want of your face; indeed, it is scarce like home any more. You see how I need you to drive away my doleful thoughts, and I will waste no more of the paper with idle repinings, but make the most of this talk from shire to shire, the chance for which does not come every day. I told you in my last that Mr. Joscelyn Heyworth had,

through his talk with Mr. Hampden, come to see that he could not, as his father wished, serve in the King's army. Well, he took leave of us on Friday the 5th, but on the Monday evening unexpectedly returned, much spent with the journey from Farnham, which he had made on foot, and bringing with him sad news. His parents had taken his change of views grievously to heart, had treated him with great severity, and he had escaped from a sort of home imprisonment, making his way to Katterham penniless and unarmed. He had intended to journey to London, there to seek Mr. Hampden, but at Farnham he chanced to hear the intention of Mr. Giles Graham and others to bring a force to the attack of certain wealthy houses of our county, and among others of Katterham Court. Hester and the children were not told of it, for we thought it would but frighten them to no good purpose. But grandfather let me sit by whilst he and Nat Tamplin, the new steward, whom we all greatly like, talked till late in the evening,

planning what steps had best be taken. They agreed that Tamplin should order several of the farm men to sleep on the premises, and as we had but little powder it was arranged that Mr. Heyworth, attended by Jack Morrison, should ride over to Croydon the next morning at sunrise to bring back a supply, and also to acquaint the Committee of Public Safety with the plot he had heard. None of the servants but Charlotte knew there was any danger, and she, dear soul, made light of it lest I should be anxious, though all the same I could see, when in the early morning she brought me my bowl of new milk, that her face was careworn and as if she had not slept.

"'Did you think they would murder us all in our beds?' I asked, laughing—for it was easy to laugh with the darkness past and the sunshine streaming in at the window, and the lowing of the oxen and the bleating of the sheep and the singing of the birds just as we have heard it every morning of our lives.

"'I'm not thinking they would trouble us in the house,' protested Charlotte. 'It's the harvest I'm thinking of, for they do say that foraging parties are wandering over the country and reaping the corn by stealth in the night, and off with it before the owner is well awake, to store the garrisons.'

"But though she made much of the corn, I know her real care was for us children: and, Faith, I truly think that if it had come to it dear old Charlotte would have laid down her life to protect us without so much as a thought that she was doing anything unusual. And neither would it have been unusual, for when one thinks of it she is giving herself up to other people and serving others all day and every day. What should we have been without her?

"I had just made an end of the housekeeping and was in the garden with Monnie cutting off the withered roses, when up came Original Smith with a long face and a long story; he had heard of the report brought back by Mr. Heyworth, and saw

fit to complain that he had not been the one to be sent over to the Committee of Public Safety. Why did we put so much confidence in a stranger, and not allow one who had known us all our lives to be of service? I told him that it was natural that Mr. Heyworth should have been chosen to go since he was the one who had heard the talk at Farnham. To which he made answer, 'I see you prefer new friends to old, but 'tis seldom they prove the most faithful.'

"I said it was not a question of friendship at all, but of what grandfather thought best to arrange, and then to give the talk a turn asked if the children had been good and whether their lessons were done. He answered shortly, and went off much in the dumps, and I think I must somehow have offended him, for his manner has been strange ever since. I would not have him think that we do not value old friends. His father seems to me as fine a specimen of a yeoman as one could wish, and his mother is one of the saints of the earth,

and though Original himself would be more to my liking if he did not crop his hair and anathematise all whose views square not with his own, yet I have always respected him, and he is the best tutor the children could have. When, at eleven o'clock, we met again in the hall at dinner, he was still in his dumps, but of course no more could be said because Hester and the children were present. In the afternoon Mr. Heyworth and Morrison rode back from Croydon, and with them came Captain Johnston and half-a-dozen men, whom we had to entertain as best we could for the night. The children were told that they had come to beat up recruits in the neighbouring villages, which was indeed true, and I made a pretext to send them over to the homestead to see the cows milked and to order Mrs. Purnell to send over an extra supply. Then, when they were gone, Captain Johnston and grandfather and Mr. Heyworth and the new steward, Nat Tamplin, went over the house, and planned how it had best be defended

in case of attack, and somehow with the coming and going, and the excitement, and the having so many orders to give as to the food, I had no time to feel afraid until after supper that night, when, having left the men-folk talking with grandfather in the study, I went up to our bedroom, which seems lonesome always without you, though I have little Monnie for company.

"It was a dark cloudy night, and when I looked from the window I felt for the first time afraid of the stillness, and could have blessed Monnie for waking as she did and begging me to sing her to sleep again. I shut the casement and drew the curtain, still with that sort of creeping terror of what might be out there in the darkness; and to feel nearer the rest of the house I set the bedroom door ajar, and felt a cowardly relief at hearing steps on the stair and knowing that either Mr. Heyworth or Captain Johnston must have come up to their room. Monnie kept saying, 'Sing, Clemency, sing,' and as much to comfort myself as to soothe her, I began—

'The Lord is both my health and light,
Shall men make me dismay'd?
Sith God doth give me strength and might,
Why should I be afraid?'

"When I got to the verse about 'My parents both their sonne forsooke,' I fell to thinking of Mr. Heyworth. It is strange how the Psalms always do fit in with our life of to-day, and that what David said long ago should be just what I wanted to say in this seventeenth century. But the singing cheered me as nothing else could have done, in especial those last verses—

'Teach me, O Lord, the way to Thee,
And lead me on forth right,
For fear of such as watch for me
To trap me if they might.

My heart would faint but that in me
This hope is fixèd fast,
The Lord God's good grace shall I see
In life that aye shall last.

Trust then in God whose whole thou art;
His will abide thou must;
And He shall ease and strength thy heart,
If thou on Him do trust.'

"Monnie was sound asleep by the time the psalm was sung, and the last words

had scarcely left my lips when some one knocked from without; throwing the door wider open I saw Mr. Heyworth standing there, and he, with many apologies, asked me to sing no longer, but to listen with him for a moment at the open window of the passage. I knelt on the old oak chest, and we both listened intently; this time there was something more terrible than the intense stillness—the sound of horses' hoofs on the road from Willey Farm—the quarter from which we had fancied the enemy would come. I think if Mr. Heyworth had not been so quiet my fears would have all returned, but if panic is apt to prove infectious, so, I think, is calmness.

"'The unwelcome visitors, if I mistake not,' he said. 'Sir Robert must be told.'

"We ran down-stairs to the study, where grandfather and Captain Johnston sat smoking their pipes; they flung open the side window, and more clearly than ever we heard the beat of the horse-hoofs on the road. I heard Captain Johnston discussing with Mr. Heyworth as to how they should

rouse Tamplin and the men from Croydon, and how reach Morrison at the gatehouse. Before it was settled, however, grandfather had insisted that I should go up-stairs, and I had promised to stay in the upper part of the house and to keep the great oak door at the head of the front stairs closely barred. Having drawn both the upper and lower bolts, I went again to the passage window and, kneeling once more on the chest, looked out into the night. Some one was let out at the front door. I supposed it was Captain Johnston going across to the gate-house; and as I heard his steps crunching the gravel in the courtyard I thought to myself, 'If it were a man one cared for, how one would fear for his safety!' And then, oh, Faith! I saw that it was not Captain Johnston at all, but Mr. Heyworth, and my heart seemed to stand still, and when it went on again it was no longer my own. I saw him plainly, for the light streamed out from the opened door and shone upon his hair, and though he and Captain Johnston are

of much the same height, yet there was no mistaking that. He was gone in a minute, and I was left to look and look, till my eyes ached, at the inner gate of the court, and the two pillars with their round balls, and to listen in an agony to the horrible tramp coming steadily nearer and nearer. I do not know how the time went; I heard the front door being locked and bolted, and steps hurrying hither and thither, and after awhile Charlotte came down and insisted on closing the casement and fastening the shutters, though I begged hard to keep watch still. She would not hear of it; yet when the horsemen seemed actually to be just outside the courtyard her anxiety for grandfather got the better of her, and she let me unfasten the bolts of the oak door, and stole quietly downstairs to see how matters were going. I waited with the door partly open, straining my ears to hear what passed. There were steps on the gravel, and then a loud knocking at the front door. I heard Charlotte and grandfather speaking together, and

then the grille was opened, and grandfather asked, 'Who is there? And why do you seek admittance at this hour of the night?'

"'Open, in the King's name,' was the summons from without.

"'I refuse to open,' said grandfather, with a ring in his voice which made it sound like the voice of a young man.

"'We have forces here enough to storm your house and burn it about your ears,' said the voice from without. 'Open, in the King's name, and yield your arms and your plate in the King's service.'

"For all answer grandfather sharply closed the grille.

"The spokesman had scarcely moved a couple of steps on the gravel when I heard a gun fired, and another and another, and in my sickening anxiety to know how matters were going, I think I must have broken my word and thrown back the shutters to look out, or even run downstairs to grandfather, had not Monnie waked with a cry of terror, and fastening the bolts of the door again, I ran back to

my room and sat on the bed beside her, singing the psalm through once more, and as lustily as I could, that my voice might drown the sound of the guns and the cries and shouts from without. I thought my brain must have given way with the strain of the fearful anxiety for those without, and for grandfather below and for all the children, when one remembered that hateful threat of firing the house. Yet there were times when I knew that One was soothing me much as I soothed Monnie, and stilling the storm of fears that again and again tried to rise in my heart. After what seemed a long time the firing ceased, and the shouts and cries died down to a confused murmur, and Gyp and Rover, who had been barking furiously, grew less excited. To my relief Monnie fell asleep too, and hearing steps ascending, I went to unbolt the door at the head of the stairs, yet paused for a moment in deadly terror at the thought that the quiet without might after all mean our defeat and that the footsteps might be those of the enemy.

"'Who is there?' I cried, as some one knocked; and the answer came back in a clear ringing voice, 'It is I, Joscelyn Heyworth.' Then I flung back the door, and in one breath we both cried, 'Are you safe?' and there and then I felt thankful that Hal was not by to cry out, as he assuredly would have done, 'Hook fingers and wish, for you spoke the same words.'

"I seem still to feel his hands grasping mine, still to see his eyes striving, as they did that night, to read my very soul. Oh, Faith! tell me, is it my fancy that he had feared for me as I feared for him—that to him, too, it had been a night of revelation?

"We went down to the entrance-hall, and there I heard how the enemy had ignominiously retreated, being utterly surprised and routed by a sudden attack made from the shelter of the nut trees beside the bowling-green by Captain Johnston and his men. Mr. Heyworth and Morrison, with some of the farm men who had been sleeping in the gate-house, followed up the

advantage and pressed them hard from the other side, and having doubtless expected to find us unprepared with any defence, they were the more easily disheartened and repulsed. Several were wounded, among others young Sir Andrew Grey, who this time last year, you remember, asked grandfather for my hand in marriage, and was for many months one of my most wearisome and importunate servants. Methinks Original Smith is wrong, and that new friends are sometimes more desirable than old! Morrison got a slight cut on the head, which, however, has only enamoured him of war and fighting, and two of Captain Johnston's men were hurt, yet not severely. Charlotte made much of them and bandaged their wounds, and we had a second supper somewhere in the small hours of the night, at which I felt merrier far than at your wedding feast, so great was the relief after the fears of the evening.

"But now we are sober and sad enough. There is not much fear that the house will

be attacked again, and Katterham being off the main road we do not hear much of what is passing, and Mr. Heyworth started yesterday at sunrise for London.

"There must be thunder in the air, or else I am going to be seized with a fit of the spleen, for there seems an intolerable weight on everything; I must write no more, but take the dogs and go to Whitehill and, as Charlotte would say, blow the cobwebs from my brain with the fresh air from the downs. Do, an you love me, write ere long. Oh, Faith, why do half-a-dozen men for whom one cares naught protest that they are ready to die for you, while one other man witches the very heart out of you without so much as a 'By your leave,' and rides off to the wars with never a word but just 'Farewell'? In truth I fare anything but well, yet could beat myself for acknowledging it even to you. Burn this when read. And, dear Faith, write soon.

"I am your affectionate sister,

"CLEMENCY CORITON.

"Postscript.—Charlotte hopes you do not over-weary yourself with your new household. All here are well, and grandfather has suffered no ill effects from the commotion of Tuesday night."

## CHAPTER IX.

Not stirring words, nor gallant deeds alone,
  Plain patient Work fulfilled that length of life;
Duty, not Glory—Service, not a Throne,
  Inspired his effort, set for him the strife.

CLOUGH.

JACK MORRISON had, as Clemency expressed it, become so enamoured of fighting from his brief experience during the attack on Katterham Court, that the very next day he had asked Sir Robert's permission to join the Parliamentary troops. In the end it had been arranged that he should accompany Joscelyn, for Sir Robert insisted on furnishing his guest with horse, arms, money, and all necessaries, overcoming Joscelyn's scruples by making much of the service he had been to them as a protector.

Morrison, a sturdy fellow of five-and-twenty, broad-shouldered, sinewy, and of Scotch descent, promised to be a first-rate soldier, and was already as good a groom and servant as could be wished for; moreover, he had become much attached to Joscelyn, whose gift of winning hearts stood him now in good stead. Morrison wondered a little at his silence and his grave, set face as they rode to London; he himself was full of excitement at the prospect of the new life which was that day to begin, and had no suspicion that his new master had received a far more serious wound during the attack on that Tuesday night than his own insignificant sword-cut.

But Joscelyn as he rode saw nothing of the landscape, thought nothing of the war. He saw instead a staircase with a half-opened door at the head of it, and a slight, white-robed figure with chestnut curls against a white neck and round white throat. He saw a face of loveliest outline, and hazel eyes whose glance changed from consuming anxiety to rapturous relief, eyes

which seemed but the windows from which a spirit of purity and love looked forth.

And now after the manner of lovers he alternated between joy and pain, at one moment ready to deem that brief meeting of soul with soul enough to content him for years, at another distracted at the thought of the hopeless gulf which separated them, and counting it the most cruel turn of fortune's wheel that he should have been robbed of home and kindred, and then as a penniless tramp should have fallen in love with the best, the most beautiful, and—as ill luck would have it—the richest girl in Surrey. He wondered whether, had he foreseen this, he could have adopted so unflinchingly the course of conduct which had cost him his inheritance, but was glad that on reflection he honestly could feel that even had he known all that lay before him, love of Clemency could not have induced him to temporise. The bare thought of it was intolerable. As it was, the only course he could rightly take was that of honourable silence. Yet the prospect was far from

cheerful, and accounted fully enough for the gravity of expression which had surprised his servant. He went to offer his services to his country without Morrison's gay alacrity, but soberly and thoughtfully, having counted the cost, and deliberately chosen to sacrifice himself. They rode straight to Mr. Hampden's London house, where Joscelyn asked to deliver in person a letter from Sir Robert Neal. Learning, however, that the member for the county of Buckingham was in the House of Commons, Joscelyn dismounted, leaving Morrison to take the horses to the nearest inn, and made his way past the Abbey, the towers of which were plainly seen in the distance, enclosed, as in a frame, by the high, gabled houses.

Crossing Palace Yard, where several coaches and sedans were in waiting, he entered Westminster Hall and was making his way past the stalls, where booksellers and milliners vied with each other in trying to tempt customers with the latest pamphlet or the newest thing in gloves and ribbons,

when he was accosted by one of his old Cambridge companions.

"Why, Heyworth," exclaimed his friend, "what are you doing here among the lawyers? I thought you had started on the grand tour?"

"I am passing through London, and am charged with a letter for Mr. Hampden," explained Joscelyn.

"What, old Ship-money?" replied his friend. "I saw him pass into the House but now. Folk say some report will be made upon the late doings at Cambridge. Come and let us see if we can get into one of the galleries and hear the rights of the business."

The two passed through the entrance leading from Westminster Hall to the House of Commons, the door which then as now was usually employed by members of Parliament. Not without heart-stirring emotion and a thrill of excitement, Joscelyn glanced round the plainly-fitted room where, of late, scenes of such absorbing interest had been enacted. He was amazed to find a place of such vast importance so small and

insignificant. The wainscoted walls were unadorned by tapestry or hangings of any sort; the galleries at the sides and at the west end rested on plain iron pillars with ugly gilt capitals; there was a wide open space in the centre of the House flanked by rows of uncomfortable-looking seats for the members, and some way from the wall, surmounted by the royal arms, was the Speaker's chair, the only richly-decorated object in the place.

It was not a very full House, for many of the members were absent in their respective counties, furthering the preparations for the war. Joscelyn soon descried Hampden, and as he looked down at the noble face and lofty brow of the patriot, he felt once more that he was indeed in the presence of the greatest man of the day. Pym, with his vigorous intellect and shrewd astuteness, might be the more practical statesman of the two, but there was a breadth, a completeness, a geniality about Hampden which was not even approached by any other leader of those times.

To the satisfaction of the two Cambridge graduates, they were in time to hear the member for Aldborough, Sir Philip Stapleton, one of the Committee for Defence of the Kingdom, make his report. It appeared that Mr. Cromwell had taken possession of the magazine in the castle at Cambridge, and had hindered the carrying of the plate from that university, "which, as some report, was to the value of £20,000 or thereabouts."

When the House adjourned, Joscelyn, taking leave of his companion, made all speed to deliver his letter, and overtook Hampden just as he had entered Westminster Hall.

"So you have come," said the patriot, grasping his hand with a warmth of welcome which made the young man's heart bound. "To tell the truth, I have been expecting you, for I had not much doubt which way your studies would lead an unbiassed mind."

He paused for a minute, hastily reading Sir Robert's letter, and gathering from it the facts of Joscelyn's story.

"You must be my guest," he said, putting his arm within Joscelyn's as they walked down the Hall to the great doorway. "Is it true that you have a special wish to be in my regiment? Is there none other you would prefer?"

"Nay, sir," said Joscelyn, eagerly, "let me be but with you and I will be content to be a private, a servant—what you will."

"You shall carry our colours," said Hampden. "It so happens that young Wilmot, our ensign, or cornet, has been forced to send in his resignation owing to ill-health. To-morrow you and I will ride down to Buckinghamshire together, and you shall begin work in good earnest. But already, Sir Robert tells me, you have been under fire. I hope the children and pretty Mistress Clemency suffered no ill effects? She is a brave maid, but over delicate for times like these."

"She is brave indeed, sir," said Joscelyn. "I asked her what she did during the attack, and she made answer very simply, 'I sang to Monnie very loud and cheer-

fully lest she should be frightened by the firing.' "

Something in his voice made Hampden glance at him searchingly, and the heightened colour in his face and the light in his eyes told their own tale. The statesman smiled a little but sighed too, thinking to himself that " war, death, and sickness " would but too probably turn this opening love-tale to a tragedy. His face grew sad as they left the Hall and walked together to his rooms.

" The true spirit of womanhood breathes in those words of hers," he said. " How many wives and mothers and sisters will try their best to sing 'very loud and cheerfully' for the sake of those they love ! God grant this war may be sharp and short —not a protracted struggle."

" Have there been many of these attacks on private houses, sir ? " asked Joscelyn.

" I have heard of some on either side," replied Hampden. " Indeed, I myself was concerned in one but a short time since. We were mustering the Buckinghamshire

and Oxfordshire men on Chalgrove Field, when word was sent us by Mr. Whitelocke that the Earl of Berkshire with a considerable following of gentlemen had come to Watlington to make proclamation for troops in the King's name, under the Commission of Array. So we left the bulk of the levies still on Chalgrove, and set off promptly with a company of my own regiment and a troop of Goodwyn's horse. The commissioners, however, got wind of the muster and retired in consternation to Ascott, took refuge in Sir Robert Dormer's house, pulled up the drawbridge, and stood upon their defence. I verily think they fancied the moat, with the stout walls of the house and a few shots they fired from within, would scare us away, but as soon as they saw us making ready for the assault they yielded upon quarter, and the Earl and Sir John Curzon and three of the chief commissioners were sent prisoners to London. This, I take it, with our success at Oxford, will leave us unmolested in getting matters forward in Buckinghamshire, and has, I am

told, greatly vexed and disconcerted the Royalists."

The evening passed by only too quickly for Joscelyn, who was intensely interested by the glimpse it afforded him into the busy life of Hampden, with its countless demands for help, counsel, orders, and directions. Like all really great men, he had the capacity for taking infinite pains, and his way of making time to help other people was very remarkable. With all the cares of his double position as soldier and statesman thronging upon him, to say nothing of his private anxieties and sorrows, he nevertheless contrived to throw himself heart and soul into the affairs of his *protégé ;* and the next day, during their ride to Buckinghamshire, learnt both the strong and the weak points of Joscelyn's character.

Friendship is generally the result of a certain similarity of taste between two natures, or of a very striking contrast. In this case it was the similarity of disposition which drew into close relationship the middle-aged leader of men and the young ensign who

had just made his first perilous plunge into independent life. Perhaps, too, it was the lad's solitariness which made Hampden treat him in so fatherly a fashion. For it was not difficult to see that Joscelyn was one of those who stand in special need of the presence of a companion whom they can revere. Genial by nature and keenly appreciating the popularity which he usually evoked, there was yet in him a vein of strong reserve ; cut off from a wise sympathy, he might either develop into a self-contained, stern man, or, on the other hand, might neglect the higher side of his nature and fall a prey to the love of pleasing and the love of pleasure, which, unless held in check, might altogether wreck his life.

By the time they had reached the Chiltern Hills and the welcome shade of the green beech woods of Buckinghamshire, the two were better known to each other than many people find themselves after years of intercourse. A perception that at twenty he had been much like his young companion, gave Hampden the clue to Joscelyn's thoughts

and feelings, and with all the tact and the gentle kindliness of his noble nature, he set himself to help in every possible way.

It was not till the cool of the evening that they entered the park and came into sight of Hampden House. The setting sun lighted up the somewhat gloomy battlemented walls and the heavily-mullioned windows, and made the old red brickwork glow with that warm, mellow colour which the most skilful of artists cannot reproduce. To the left stood a square-towered church, and the shade of sadness that had passed over Hampden's face was quickly chased away by a glad cry which greeted him from the churchyard.

"Father! father!" exclaimed a chorus of voices. And, looking round, the riders saw a pretty group of girls and boys, the younger members of Colonel Hampden's family by his first wife. In a minute they had flocked out into the road with the spontaneous, demonstrative welcome which children only know how to give, and Hampden, dismounting, stooped to embrace them with less cere-

mony and more eager warmth than the stiff conventionality of those times usually permitted.

Joscelyn looked with special interest at the two youngest children, Richard and William, auburn-haired, bright-faced boys of eleven and nine, who were besieging their father with eager petitions.

"Let me lead your horse to the stable, sir, do let me!" cried Richard.

"I could, father, I truly could," pleaded the little one.

"Come, there is a horse apiece for you," said Hampden. "Let Will take Mr. Heyworth's. This is my daughter Ruth, Mr. Heyworth, and this is Judith, and this Mary."

The three maidens greeted him charmingly, having inherited much of their father's genial and kindly nature; the little twelve-year-old Mary specially delighted Joscelyn, perhaps because in height and bearing she much resembled Rosamond. She seemed also to have rather a special place in her father's heart, being the youngest girl, and

bearing the name of another little daughter who had died years before in infancy.

Judith ran on to the house to announce her father's arrival, so that when they reached the old porch, with its stone shield bearing the cross and eagles of the Hampdens, the Lady Letitia, Hampden's second wife, stood at the head of the steps to welcome them, and beside her one of the married daughters, Anne, and her husband, Sir Robert Pye.

The house, which dated back to the time of King John, had a delightful air of antiquity about it, while many additions and restorations, made in the reign of Elizabeth, added greatly to its comfort as a dwelling-place. Owing to the troubled times there had been of late very few guests at Hampden House, but this perhaps served to make it all the more peaceful and home-like. Indeed, as Joscelyn sat that night at supper in the old hall, and listened to the family talk, he found it hard to believe that so calm and restful a bit of life was being lived in the midst of divided England. The supper-

table, with its silver candlesticks, made a little oasis of light in the dim vast hall; faint features gleamed out in ghostly fashion from the portraits hanging upon the wainscoted walls; the heavy balustrades of the galleries which ran around the place on all sides were revealed by four small lamps at each corner, while from the gallery above the entrance some one made soft music on the organ which had lately been built there. Never surely had there been an interval so quiet—a pause so strangely peaceful in the heart of a storm!

The next morning, after a turn in the park, Hampden took Joscelyn into the brick parlour, a small snug room opening by a Gothic doorway into the dining-hall; its square windows looked upon a sunny pleasance laid out with quaint beds, rose-bushes, and fountains, called King John's garden.

"One would fain see from here that vista through the beech trees which you showed me from the park, sir," said Joscelyn.

Hampden leant his arms on the window-

sill for a minute, and a smile played on his lips as he looked forth at the roses.

"We owe that view to Queen Elizabeth," he said. "She stayed here once, and with excellent judgment remarked to my grandfather how vastly the place would be improved by a vista cut through the beeches. That very night all the retainers were summoned by my grandfather, and in the morning when her Majesty rose, behold, the avenue was cut."

"That showed great devotion to the Queen," said Joscelyn.

"You see we are, after all, no disloyal family," said Hampden, laughing, "but can sacrifice noble beeches for such a ruler as Good Queen Bess, though refusing to pay twenty shillings to King Charles for an unjust tax."

"And yet surely, sir, by resisting, you were more truly serving the King than those who encouraged the tyranny?"

"In truth I think so," said Hampden. "It was in this very room, by the bye, that they summoned me. 'Tis no fiction that

those on our side fight for King and Parliament. But 'tis true that we war to the death against the false notion of the sovereign's divine right to govern wrongly. Ever since the time of the coronation, when Laud tried to alter the form of the King's engagement by leaving out the acknowledgment of the legislative power of Parliament, and attempting to put in the phrase '*salvo prerogativo regali*,' there has been a steady conspiracy to destroy the liberties of the English people. Every effort at a peaceable settling of the matter having failed, there is nothing for it now but war. You and I are happy in having a chance of serving in the cause of justice, in offering our lives for the safeguarding of the country's freedom."

Joscelyn remembered the vista through the beech trees, and thought of the destruction that had been necessary to open out the wider view, and Hampden's words, "offering our lives for the country's freedom," returned to him with a force and significance and breadth of meaning indescribable. He looked back into the parlour and thought of

all that had passed there, and he looked at the patriot himself. There are some scenes which without any apparent reason fix themselves indelibly on the memory, and to the end of his life Joscelyn could always call up a distinct vision of Hampden's look and bearing as he stood opposite him that August morning, his thoughtful eyes full of light and animation, his winning face aglow with earnestness, his long waving hair stirred by the breeze which came through the open casement, and his hand laid caressingly on the shoulder of his little daughter Mary, who had stolen up to him.

During the next week Joscelyn found his time fully occupied; his host put him to the study of D'Avila's history of the civil wars in France—a work which was popularly termed "Colonel Hampden's Prayer-Book," as it was so great a favourite with him that he never travelled without it. Then, too, a great part of each day was spent in drilling and active preparation for the war, while old Madam Hampden, the patriot's mother, loved to talk with him about her son, and

the children were always ready to dance attendance on him when he was disengaged. At length the day came on which the regiment was to march. Joscelyn, clad in his green uniform, with the tawny orange scarf worn by the Parliamentarians, and proudly bearing in his hand the regimental colours, felt that now at last the work of his life had begun. A crowd of country people, and many of the more wealthy neighbours, gathered to see the soldiers as they set out on their march to Northampton, at which place Hampden was to take the command. Accompanying the infantry and some guns was a cavalry regiment, under the command of Hampden's colleague, Arthur Goodwin, and all the onlookers cheered them as they mustered in the park.

Joscelyn's heart beat high as the inspiriting sound fell on his ears, yet a great sadness stole over him as he watched his leader. The Colonel's face was pale and stern, for his heart was wrung by the painful farewells he had just made, but his voice rang out clear and strong when he

gave the word to advance, bidding the men sing the 121st Psalm as they marched. And to these words the Parliamentarians set forth. Joscelyn took one glance back at the battlemented walls of Hampden House, and at the peaceful church and churchyard, then he looked up at the blue flag which he bore and thought of the words inscribed on it — upon one side Hampden's own motto, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*," on the other the motto of the whole Parliamentary army, "God with us."

## CHAPTER X.

> Let Liberty, the charter'd right of Englishmen
> Won by our fathers on many a glorious field,
> Ennerve my soldiers.—BLAKE.

A TIME of waiting and preparation always seems long, and to Joscelyn those summer days at Northampton seemed endless. The suspense was most trying to all, and the anxiety and the great heat made both men and officers irritable. They were longing to test their strength, to be brought face to face with the enemy, to strike an effective blow for the cause on whose behalf they had risked so much. Joscelyn began to wonder whether after all they would be cheated out of their share in the struggle, and left to defend a place which would never be attacked. Like most people in England, he fancied that one great battle would decide

the whole war, and he felt that to have lost all for the cause, and then to be denied a share in the actual conflict, would be intolerable. The novelty of military life wore off in a few days, and in itself perhaps it was the very last life he would have chosen; it was actual and effective service for which he craved, and an intense restlessness consumed him as night after night passed and found him still in the lodging which he shared with two of his brother officers in the Northampton market-place. Rumours of the King's doings at Nottingham had of course reached them, but it was not till early in September that they heard from an eye-witness what had passed.

It chanced one evening that Joscelyn was sitting with Hampden, acting, as he was often allowed to do, as the Colonel's private secretary, when a servant knocked at the door to ask whether Mr. John Hutchinson could be admitted. The Colonel gave orders that he should be shown up at once.

"'Tis a son of the member for the county of Nottingham—Sir Thomas Hutchinson,"

he remarked. "I trust he has come to join us."

Joscelyn, looking up, saw a very well-dressed man of about six-and-twenty, of medium height and fair complexion, with an unusual amount of long light-brown hair, and a pair of keen grey eyes which seemed in admirable keeping with his firm and slightly underhung mouth.

He greeted Hampden respectfully, asking whether Lord Essex had yet arrived.

"He is expected in a few days' time," replied the Colonel. Then, as Joscelyn rose to go, "Nay, do not leave us, Mr. Heyworth; let me present you to Mr. Hutchinson. Mr. Heyworth is a new adherent to the good cause, and has sacrificed much to join us."

"He is happy to have had a clear call," said John Hutchinson, attracted, as most people were, by the straight look of Joscelyn's clear blue eyes, and by the mingled frankness and modesty of his manner and expression. "As for me, though I have declared for the Parliament, yet I have not fully made up my mind to join the army."

"There is much need of such men as you," said Hampden. "Your moderation, your education, both alike are wanted. Is it true, the report that reached us, that already you have been in some little danger from the King's party?"

"'Tis quite true," said John Hutchinson. "There is a warrant out to seize me because I thrust the Quartermaster-General from my father's house at Nottingham, when he would have taken possession of it the other day for the use of my Lord Lindsey. When my lord himself came he was civility itself, used but one room, and was pleasant enough to the household; but the Quartermaster, having taken umbrage, would be revenged upon me, and being warned by a friend I left home and took refuge in Leicestershire. However, a warrant was sent to the sheriff to seize me there, and so, escaping with the help of my servant, I came to the house of an honest fellow at Kelmarsh in this county."

"And what is the true account of the setting up of the royal standard?" asked

Hampden. "Many conflicting rumours have reached us."

"The truth is this," said John Hutchinson. "At six o'clock on the evening of the 23rd August his Majesty, attended by some of the militia and about eight hundred horse, mounted the hill overlooking Nottingham and ordered his proclamation to be read. But after the herald had begun, the King, with his customary changeableness, caused him to stop and, sitting there with the paper on his knee, wrote some corrections and gave it back to the herald, who, they say, bungled horribly at the hastily-scrawled amendments. Then came a great blowing of trumpets and the standard was unfurled, with the motto broidered on it, 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's,' not—one would have thought—a well-chosen watchword, all things considered. No one seemed to know what to do or where to set up the standard, and heavy clouds gathered, throwing a gloom over the scene, and the wind blew in such gusts that the Cavaliers could scarce stand against it.

At last they agreed to set the standard on one of the towers of the castle, but the wind blew it down the following day. They next set it up in the park, but found the ground little but rock, so the heralds dug out a hole with their daggers, but could not get the staff to stand firm, and for hours had to support it with their hands."

"An ominous beginning," said Hampden, thoughtfully. "What is going on down below, Mr. Heyworth? I hear a great tumult of voices."

Joscelyn looked from the open casement into the market-place. The shades of evening were falling, and already lights shone from some of the windows.

"The people are all crowding round a rider, sir, who seems to be asking his way," said Joscelyn. "His horse is covered with foam, and he himself turned copper-coloured with the heat. Ah! he draws rein at your door, sir; he bears despatches."

In another minute the weary messenger was led into the room.

"Do you come from London?" asked Hampden, eagerly.

"Nay, sir; from my Lord Brooke at Warwick," said the messenger, handing in the despatches which had been entrusted to him.

With eagerness indescribable, Joscelyn watched his Colonel, his heart giving a great bound when upon the stillness of the room there fell at length the welcome news, in Hampden's clear, inspiriting voice—

"Lord Brooke sends word that intelligence has reached Warwick that the Royalists under the Earl of Northampton are in full march towards Northamptonshire, and begs that we will, if possible, hasten to his support."

In but a few minutes Joscelyn was speeding across the market-place with messages from his chief, and before long the bugles sounded to arms, and the whole population of Northampton turned out to see the Parliamentary troops muster and to cheer them with all the strength of their voices as, in the cool summer night, they started on their march.

With a leader whom he loved—nay, almost worshipped, with that inspiriting motto on the standard he bore, surrounded by men of courage and, even in that early stage of the war, admirably disciplined, Joscelyn could hardly have been more favourably placed, and he did not wonder that John Hutchinson, as he bade him farewell, regarded him almost enviously. In after days he used to look back to this beginning of his career as to a sort of paradise. Yet it was a stiff march, all through the night and, with but a brief rest, all through the following day, and he was tired out when the next evening they joined Lord Brooke, who, with about three thousand men, had taken up his quarters at Southam. With the men from Northampton there were altogether nearly six thousand infantry and three hundred cavalry, so that the town was severely taxed to accommodate them all.

Joscelyn, after a good supper, supplied by one of the townsfolk, was glad enough to avail himself of a makeshift bed on the

floor of his host's parlour, and, thanks to the long hours he had spent in the open air and to the fatigue of the march, he was asleep in five minutes, notwithstanding the lights and the buzz of eager talk in the room.

For three hours his sleep was unbroken, then a stir and commotion without began to make him restless; he dreamed that he and Dick were boys again; they stood with Barnaby, at the corner of Castle Street, watching the trial gallops of the horses at the Farnham horse-fair; over by the market-place a cheap-jack, mounted on his car, harangued the crowd, relieved at intervals by a man who beat a drum and blew a trumpet at the same moment. "Look, look!" cried Dick, shaking with laughter, "the fellow blows as if he would burst."

Joscelyn started upon his elbow; the vision of Farnham faded, only the ghost of Dick's laughter seemed to fill the strange room, and a very real sound of horse-hoofs without in the street, of drums beating to arms all through the town, and of bugles

sounding the alarm, made the blood dance in his veins. He sprang to his feet, and in a few minutes had joined his comrades; the host, whose face had a scared look in the dim candlelight, unbolting the door for them and wishing them good speed. Men with lighted torches were hurrying along the street.

"What news?" shouted Wagstaffe, the lieutenant-colonel of Hampden's regiment, as, with Joscelyn at his side, he pressed on.

"The enemy is at hand," came back the reply.

"The Earl of Northampton with all his forces is but two miles off."

So eager were the soldiers to try their powers, so enthusiastic were they for the cause, that their great shouts of joy at hearing these tidings made the whole place ring; hats were thrown into the air, arms clattered on the stones, and in the highest spirits the little army, led by Colonel Hampden and Lord Brooke, marched into the fields near the town, where till day-break they waited in battle array. In the

first line, posted on some rising ground, was Hampden's brigade with the guns; with the second line was Lord Brooke, and the cavalry was in reserve, sheltered by the brow of the hill. Standard in hand, Joscelyn stood through the long, weary waiting-time, and at length, as day broke, the enemy, who had been afraid to attack Southam in the night, having heard that the Parliamentarians were on the *qui vive*, appeared on the Dunsmore road and began to form opposite. Then, in dead silence, the two armies faced each other for some three hours. At length, about eight o'clock, Lord Brooke moved up his cavalry on the right, and the Parliamentary cannon opened fire, Hampden charging with his infantry the instant the King's artillery had taken up their ground.

What passed in the sharp skirmish that followed, Joscelyn would have found it difficult to describe. He was conscious only of pressing on with his standard, of the strange contagion of enthusiasm which made the regiment like one man, of the

thunder of the guns, then of a confused and desperate hand-to-hand combat, amid the clash of steel, the shouted watchwords, the groans of the dying, the ghastly cry of wounded horses. The Parliamentarians were outnumbered, but by the promptness with which they had opened fire they had gained an advantage. On and yet on they pressed against the living wall opposed to them, Hampden, the very ideal of a leader, urging them forward, and himself ever in the forefront of the struggle. So complete was the *mêlée* that Joscelyn made prisoner with the greatest ease a Royalist captain, named Legge, who had actually mistaken Hampden's green-coated men for his own.

At length the King's troops utterly gave way, and were hotly chased by Brooke's cavalry as far as the river. Beyond this, however, pursuit was impossible, for the Royalists formed behind it and showed a force quite four times as strong as their opponents. But the day had clearly been won by the Parliamentarians, and the country-folk of the district rose upon the

retreating forces, harassing the stragglers with cudgels and staves, but making much of the victorious troops under Hampden and Brooke, and bringing them a welcome supply of provisions.

In a few days' time they found themselves in their old quarters at Northampton, the townspeople receiving them with open arms, for not only were they inspirited by the news of the victory at Southam, but they had been seriously apprehensive of an attack during their absence; the petition of Withers, the mayor, for troops from London to garrison Northampton had unavoidably been refused by the Parliament, and the sturdy inhabitants, left to their own devices, had employed the time to good purpose, both men and women working day and night at earthworks and fortifications.

The good news that Portsmouth had capitulated to Sir William Waller, and that almost the whole of the south of England, with the exception of Cornwall, was now in possession of the Parliament, made further matter for rejoicing at Northampton; but

about the middle of September, Lord Essex having taken the command there, Joscelyn had once more to leave the place, marching with his regiment to Aylesbury, where Hampden had been despatched to take the command, guarding the Buckinghamshire magazines, and protecting the London road in Essex's rear, which was threatened by the Earl of Northampton.

At Aylesbury another sharp skirmish took place, Hampden's well-disciplined regiment, combined with that of Holles, again overcoming the Royalists; many were made prisoners, many were killed, and the darker side of war began to unfold itself to Joscelyn. There were scenes during the hot pursuit of the retreating Royalists to Oxford which never left his memory; scenes which he recalled whenever he thought of that first sight of the university town, its calm, impressive grandeur contrasting strangely with the miserable, exhausted soldiers, chased by Hampden as by an avenging angel, dislodged from Oxford with Lord Byron, the Royalist commander, fol-

lowed relentlessly into the Vale of Evesham, and there hopelessly routed and scattered.

Aylesbury had, in the meantime, been garrisoned by a fresh detachment of the Parliamentary forces, and Hampden, with his gallant green-coats, pressed on to Worcester, there to join the main body of Essex's army.

Then followed a weary three weeks of inaction, and grave anxiety began to fill the minds of all, for both money and arms were grievously needed. Much satisfaction was caused by the successful capture, on behalf of the Parliament, of a ship at Yarmouth, laden with arms which the Queen had purchased in Holland, and the feeling against the King deepened inexpressibly when it was discovered that he had sent two commissioners to the King of Denmark asking him to send arms for twelve thousand men, twenty-four cannon, money to the amount of £100,000, some ships of war, three thousand infantry, and one thousand horse. The notion of this foreign aid almost maddened the people,

and the King's orders that Roman Catholics should be admitted to his army greatly prejudiced his cause. An idea gained ground that he was but a tool in the hands of the Pope, and that a great Papist conspiracy was being fomented by the Queen—a suspicion natural enough to a generation whose fathers had told them of the martyrdoms they had witnessed at Smithfield. Matters were not mended by the publication of a protestation, in which the King declared Essex and his followers to be traitors, Brownists, Anabaptists, and atheists.

About the middle of October the King, who had shown great skill in the manœuvres round Worcester, managed to join his forces with those of Lord Northampton. He was now at the head of about twenty thousand men, and had cut off Essex's retreat to London. A battle became imperatively necessary, and at length, on the 18th, to Joscelyn's inexpressible relief, Hampden's regiment received orders to march, and once more active work lay

before them. After a night's rest at Stratford-on-Avon, they found they had but just arrived in time to hold the town and the bridge against a severe attack on the part of the Royalists. The passage of the river secured, the regiment and the excited townsfolk who had lent their aid were glad enough of a brief rest, but it was prolonged in a most unfortunate way. Not until the evening of Saturday, the 22nd, were Hampden's green-coats able to leave Stratford, for they had been ordered to take charge of the greater part of the Parliamentary artillery, which had been left behind by the main body of Essex's army, owing to the negligence of their engineer, who had forgotten to provide horses.

The delay chafed Hampden almost beyond endurance, for though neither army knew exactly where the other was, there was every reason to apprehend a speedy meeting, and when at last the necessary horses had been procured, he pushed forward in desperate haste, grudging every moment of wasted time.

The march was a terrible one; thick clouds shut out even the faint starlight, and through the black night, guided by a few flickering lanterns and the uncertain glare of torches, the four regiments composing the rear-guard of the Parliamentary army struggled on. In all there were about three thousand infantry; and their leaders, Colonel Hampden, Lord Brooke, Colonel Grantham, and Colonel Barkham, rode to and fro, cheering them on, and superintending the desperate exertions necessary to get the guns through the deep lanes, almost impassable by reason of the thick mud and the ditch-like ruts. The autumn wind was piercingly cold; at intervals heavy showers drenched the men to the skin, and Joscelyn, tired and depressed, found the hours drag by with intolerable slowness.

He thought of Clemency, and recalled her sweet voice as he had heard it on the night of the attack on the Court House. Toiling painfully along the weary way, he tried to march to the psalm tune he so well

remembered, and to cheer himself in the darkness with the recollection of the hazel eyes which he so greatly longed to see again.

At last the clouds dispersed, the sun rose, and with the beginning of that clear cold morning came fresh vigour, and the chill depression of the all-night march passed away. Just as the men had halted at a little wayside village and were making a hasty breakfast, a trooper galloped up with a message from Essex to Hampden. In a few minutes the news spread through the ranks. It appeared that the main body of the Parliamentary army had occupied Kineton on the previous afternoon, and when day dawned had been astonished to find the King, with all his forces, confronting them on the top of Edge Hill. A great cheer rose from the men of the rear-guard when they heard these tidings; fatigue was forgotten, and with renewed zeal they forced their way on. No Sunday's rest was possible for them, though the bells rang from the tower of every village

church, and the labourers in clean smocks, and the country women in their scarlet cloaks and best beaver bonnets, all told of the weekly holiday. At about half-past two in the afternoon the first dull roar of cannon shook the ground and echoed among the hills; again a ringing cheer broke from the infantry; the battle had begun, and they made almost superhuman efforts to press on. Hampden, with his inspiring presence and stimulating voice, urged them ever forward, and it was he himself who seized the bridle of one who was galloping desperately past them, and forced the terrified man to give an account of what was happening.

Joscelyn saw with an indescribable pang that the runaway soldier, who looked like a hunted cur, wore the orange ribbons of Essex's army in his hat.

"Speak," said Hampden; "how goes the battle?"

"Lost, lost!" said the man, in a panic-stricken, breathless voice. "Lost through foul treachery."

"Tell the whole truth," said Hampden, sternly.

"Before God, sir, 'tis true," cried the man. "'Twas at the very first charge. Our regiment was in the left wing, behind that of Sir Faithful Fortescue, and we were charging the King's right, when Sir Faithful ordered his men to fire on the ground, and galloping forward, presented himself and his troop to Prince Rupert—deserted on the field, sir, and turned and charged upon us. We were thrown into utter confusion and scattered, and most of us pursued and cut down."

Hampden's brow contracted.

"Turn about, my good fellow," he said, "and save your reputation. March on, boys! Hasten to the rescue. Methinks Sir Faithful Fortescue needs re-christening."

With a shout of enthusiasm the soldiers pressed forward, the dull roar of the cannon, the sharp rattle of musketry, growing ever clearer and clearer, and the wretched sight of runaways becoming more and more frequent.

At last Kineton came into sight, and about a mile to the north-east of the little town Prince Rupert, who had wasted nearly an hour in plundering the baggage-waggons which the Parliamentarians had left in the street, rallied his cavalry for a fresh charge. With rapture Hampden's green-coats found themselves just in time. Hastily forming, they threw themselves into the breach between the Prince and the disorganised and flying troops from Edge Hill, while the guns which they had dragged with such infinite difficulty through the heavy lanes opened a deadly fire. Joscelyn saw at least a dozen of Prince Rupert's men killed by the first volley; he was watching the mad plunging of a dying horse in the opposite ranks when a sudden shock for a moment half paralysed his arm; a bullet had cloven the staff of his standard in two, and he knew that he had narrowly escaped death. By the time he had picked up the colours the confusion in Prince Rupert's troop had increased; more and more men and horses fell under the vigorous fire of the Parlia-

mentary guns, and at length the Royalists turned and fled across the plain in great disorder. It was impossible for the infantry to pursue them, but Hampden and Grantham pressed forward as fast as might be with their regiments, and were relieved to find that the battle which had at first seemed hopelessly lost was still in progress, and that the advantage lay now with the Parliamentarians, who had rallied with great vigour, and during Prince Rupert's absence in Kineton had totally changed the aspect of affairs.

The two colonels were soon summoned to a council by Essex, and they eagerly pressed him to continue the attack, to force the King's position and secure the London road, but the over-cautious Essex was not to be persuaded; he represented that the night was approaching, and that the men were worn out.

Joscelyn, looking into his Colonel's face as he left the council, knew by its expression the disappointment that awaited the men. They received orders to remain as they were

on the field, and amid much grumbling preparations were made for the night. Food there was none. Utterly spent with exertion, and no longer sustained by the hope of active work, Joscelyn threw himself down on the trampled grass on which but a short time before the battle had raged. The twilight just revealed the horrors of the plain, strewn with hundreds of the dead; here and there he saw little groups of helpers going to and fro, removing the wounded or giving them such rough aid as was possible on the field. With a sick feeling of dread he wondered whether his own father might be lying among the heaps of slain, or whether Dick's voice mingled in the faint groans which rose from all sides. At last he could endure the miserable suspense no longer; groping his way as best he could he stumbled on in the dim light, seeing many a sight which in after times haunted him in his dreams, but coming to no familiar face, and in time gaining a sort of relief from the non-fulfilment of his fears.

Suddenly the sound of a voice which he

seemed to know startled him into an agony of apprehension.

"Help, help," moaned a wounded man, lying half stifled under the weight of a dead horse. Joscelyn, stooping over him, saw that it was the youngest son of honest old Barnaby the gatekeeper, one of the grooms at Shortell Manor.

"Why, Robin!" he cried, "is it you, my poor fellow?"

With some difficulty he succeeded in freeing him from the dead weight of the horse, and kneeling down, raised him into a less painful position.

"God bless you, sir!" said the groom. Then straining his dim eyes to scan the face of his rescuer, he all at once recognised him.

"Is it you, sir?" he exclaimed; "I made sure 'twas Master Dick."

"Is he safe?" cried Joscelyn, with a choking feeling in his throat. "For heaven's sake, tell me, Robin. And my father? was he in the battle?"

"Ay, sir, Master Dick and Master Jervis

and Sir Thomas himself all here, and unhurt as far as I know."

Joscelyn made an exclamation of relief.

"But you are sorely hurt, and I waste moments which might save you from bleeding to death!" he cried the next instant.

"Nay, sir, I'm past saving," groaned Robin. "But if you would give me just a drink of water."

"There is not a drop to be had!" cried Joscelyn in despair. "Our men are parched with thirst after their march. Nay, but you shall be saved. I'll have you carried to Kineton, Robin, if only I can staunch this wound first. See," and he tore off his orange scarf and used it, not unskilfully, as a bandage. "You must change sides for the nonce, and wear Parliamentary colours."

"You were ever one for a jest, sir," said the groom, smiling faintly as he looked into the resolute face of his helper.

"I shall assuredly not find you again," said Joscelyn, in perplexity, "if I go to fetch my servant to help lift you; and if

I lift you alone I shall probably half kill you with pain. Which will you have, Robin?"

"Don't leave me, sir," pleaded the groom. "I'll trust you with anything, but in this darkness how could you find me again?"

"You are but slightly built, and I have often carried heavier weights in the sports at home," said Joscelyn. And in a few minutes he had triumphantly landed the groom among the green-coats, and with the help of Morrison and two of the other men laid him on a horsecloth and bore him to a barn near Kineton, where with much trouble they were able to get him the food and drink of which he stood in such grievous need.

Hearing that a surgeon was attending to some of the wounded in a neighbouring cottage, Joscelyn left Morrison in charge, and knocking at the door of the poor-looking house to which he had been directed, was admitted into a bare and forlorn room where, to his surprise, he found Hampden,

Sir William Balfour, and three or four other Parliamentary officers. They were gathered round a dying man who lay on a heap of straw, the only bed the cottage could afford. Hampden, perceiving his entrance, crossed the room to speak to him.

"They told me a surgeon was to be found here, sir," said Joscelyn. "I did not know you were present."

"I came from the General to ask after his prisoner—'tis my Lord Lindsey, the General of the King's army, and dying, I fear. The surgeon could not be fetched to him soon enough."

"Who is the one who supports him?" asked Joscelyn, in an undertone.

"His son, who, endeavouring to rescue his father, was also taken prisoner. I hear, too, that my old neighbour, Sir Edmund Verney, the King's standard-bearer, is slain —a brave, true man whose heart I believe was with the country, though from some private scruple of having eaten the King's bread he thought it his duty to oppose us now. Who wants the surgeon's aid?"

"'Tis a poor groom of my father's, whom I found on the field sorely wounded and carried here."

"Wait but a few minutes, and one of these will be at liberty," said Hampden. "And when you have played the Good Samaritan I will return with you to the regiment. There is naught to be done for yonder poor man, and as long as we are here he will but exhaust himself with reproaching us. One cannot argue with a dying prisoner—he would be best left in peace with his son."

For the first time Joscelyn began to listen to the words of the dying earl, who, while the surgeons dressed his wounds, poured forth vehement remonstrances to the Parliamentary officers who had come to inquire after his welfare.

"Rebels every one of you! accursed rebels!" he cried, looking from one to the other. "Go and tell my Lord Essex that he ought to cast himself at the King's feet, and crave his Majesty's pardon, or speedily he will find his memory odious to the nation.

And you, too, Mr. Hampden, if you would not have the ancient name you bear execrated by every Englishman, repent and turn while yet there is time."

"I will not harass you at such a moment with words, my lord," said Hampden, with grave courtesy, "nor thrust my opinions upon you. I wish I could get you better accommodation than this poor hut, but the surgeons will not risk moving you, I fear."

The earl protested that he wanted nothing but to convince them of the error of their ways, and grew so increasingly vehement that the Parliamentarians thought it better to withdraw, leaving the prisoner with his son, Lord Willoughby. Hampden signed to one of the surgeons to follow them.

"A virulent, bitter-tongued malignant as I ever saw," said one of the officers, as the door closed behind them. His somewhat harsh-looking face and rasping voice inspired Joscelyn with strong dislike, while a rough jest which followed disgusted him yet more.

"He is dying, cousin, so let us not take

his words in ill part," said Hampden, quietly. "Mr. Heyworth, I should like to present you to my kinsman, Colonel Cromwell."

Joscelyn was amazed to feel a sort of strange magnetic attraction when, slightly lowering a torch that he might the better see, this unkempt-looking colonel grasped his hand.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Heyworth," said Cromwell, genuine kindliness lighting up his keen, grey eyes, and softening his rugged features. "God grant that, having volunteered in the service of your country at much cost to yourself, you may be permitted to serve throughout this struggle, and to witness the establishment of righteousness and peace in our borders."

There was a fervour, a contagious enthusiasm, a depth of sincere devotion in this man's beliefs, both religious and political, which exercised an extraordinary influence on those about him; and Joscelyn, though sensitive, fastidious, and with a young man's tendency to judge severely any offence

against good taste, found his prejudices melting away beneath the force of Cromwell's wonderful zeal like snow beneath the mid-day sun.

When Robin, the groom, had been placed in the surgeon's hands, Joscelyn, having charged him with many messages to Dick and little Rosamond, walked back to the battle-field with Hampden and his kinsman, listening with keen interest to the conversation between them. As they approached the place where the green-coats were encamped, Cromwell bade them good-night, and walked briskly on, Joscelyn watching his powerful figure as it disappeared into the darkness, and listening to his vigorous footsteps ringing sharply on the frosty ground.

"Come, boy, you will freeze if you stand still much longer," said Hampden, laughing. "What do you think of my cousin Cromwell?"

"Is he indeed your cousin, sir?" said Joscelyn, dubiously. "If only he were somewhat more like you—one is ashamed to think of externals when there is such

wonderful power—such a grand nature, but —but——"

"But," interrupted Hampden, smiling, "as some one remarked to me once on the Parliament stairs, 'He is a sloven.' That is what you would say. Never mind, my boy; a rough diamond, I grant you, but the finest you and I shall ever look on. Mark my words! that sloven will be the greatest man in England."

Joscelyn was silent; he looked sadly over the dim battle-field with its heaps of slain, at the fires burning here and there to warm the weary and shivering soldiers, at the purple sky, where the stars shone brightly in the frosty atmosphere. If Cromwell were indeed the greatest man in England, the true leader to steer the nation through these stormy times, he hoped that Hampden might be at hand to help his kinsman with that broad tolerant spirit, that mingled zeal and wisdom, that deep sympathetic insight which characterised him.

Glancing round, he saw that his Colonel had already wrapped a cloak about him

and thrown himself down on the turf, where a few low bushes offered a slight shelter from the cold night wind. His long hair waved in the breeze, and the ruddy glow from the nearest fire fell athwart his shoulder, and across the grass and daisies on which his head was pillowed. Joscelyn thought of little Monnie's daisy chain, which had proved too small to crown the patriot, and then, with a shudder, a terrible fancy crossed his mind.

"You look scared," said Hampden, glancing up at him with a smile. "Do ghosts walk abroad?"

"It—it is nothing, sir," he faltered. "But I seemed to see down there a great pool of blood."

"You are over-tired, and the horrors you have been through prey on your mind," said Hampden. "Lie down here by the bushes and sleep, my son. You and I may perchance lie in a pool of blood to-morrow, if God sees 'tis best for the country, but at present let us take comfort in the red firelight."

## CHAPTER XI.

A benediction was her face,
Her heart a very tender place
Where love conceived the potent rule
To ache for others, merciful
Beyond the boundaries of race.

NORMAN R. GALE.

CLEMENCY had found during those trying autumn months that the best remedy for the anxiety which constantly burdened her lay in a vigorous attention to the needs of other people. What with her household duties and the oversight of the children, a good deal of writing and reading with her grandfather, and the visiting of sundry old or sick neighbours, her time was well occupied. Gaieties she had none; the few merrymakings that had been wont to take place at the country houses within reach

had all been put a stop to by the war; some friends were alienated from them, some were mourning for relatives slain in battle, and all were impoverished and anxious, not in the mood for social gatherings.

One afternoon, about the middle of November, she had walked with Hester to the farm, nearly a mile from the Court House, where the parents of Original Sin Smith, the children's tutor, lived. Willey Farm, with its red-tiled roof, its picturesque gables, and its quaint round pigeon-cote, stood close to the summit of the ridge of curiously-rounded downs known as White Hill; but Clemency thought little of the beauty of the glorious plain which it commanded from its windows, or of the triple chain of downs in the distance; what she cared for was the comfort and snugness of the delightful old kitchen, with its blazing logs and its exquisite neatness. Leaving Hester to see the live-stock with their master, the fine old yeoman, she sat cosily and contentedly in the chimney

corner, listening to the homely wisdom of Salome Smith, the mistress of the house, who, with her dark gown, white cap and neckerchief, and strong pure face, was perhaps as good a specimen as could have been found of a Puritan dame.

Stern indeed was the Calvinism of this old Englishwoman. A short day of grace, a few ultimately saved, a vast majority to be everlastingly enthralled by a triumphant devil who—oddly enough—proved stronger than the Saviour of the world: such were the articles of her belief.

But, as is so often the case, she was very unlike her creed; the love to God and man which filled her heart left no room for the dark doctrines she had been taught to work harm; while the intense earnestness of purpose, which was the special feature of Puritanism, the individual consecration of the will to God, gave her a wonderful force. She seldom said anything remarkable, and yet those who talked with her came away braced and strengthened.

"And what news have you of your

sister?" asked Salome, twisting the flax on her distaff with deft fingers.

"I had a letter yesterday," said Clemency, "and Faith writes that all is well, but that they are anxious lest the way to London be cut off. She says that but lately Prince Rupert's troopers seized some waggon-loads of cloth on their way from Gloucestershire to the London market, and that the country-folk groan under his devastations."

"He is well named Prince Robber," said Salome Smith. "'Twas he that spent so much time in robbing the baggage-waggons in Kineton Street."

"Yes," said Clemency; "or, as they say, in 'plundering,' a new-fangled word which some believe was expressly invented for this practice of Prince Rupert's, but my grandfather says 'twas brought over some years back by those that served in the Swedish war."

"Has Sir Robert heard again from Mr. Heyworth?"

"Not since the account of Edge Hill," said Clemency. "That was written the

end of October at Northampton, and he was expecting to march, but spoke of suffering again with his knee, which was injured here last summer."

"That would be hard for him in the long marches," said Salome, thoughtfully. "And often there is marching hither and thither with little seeming use or profit. But I take it there's service in it all the same. 'Tis like our comings and goings in the house: it don't seem that I help on the Lord's kingdom just by sweeping away the dust and redding up the furniture, and all to do over again in a few hours' time, but yet I know 'tis serving somehow."

"I should sometimes like to see how it serves," said Clemency, with a sigh.

"Well, dear, and so you shall see and 'be satisfied,' but not here, I take it—not here."

Just then there entered a sombre-faced man, with dark hair cropped close to his head, and wearing the smallest and plainest of white bands between his scraggy throat and his ill-cut suit of rusty black.

Clemency, who by nature hated all extremes, could scarcely look at Original Sin Smith without a feeling of irritation, and though she tried hard to respect him and to see his good points, she was conscious of a perpetual desire to escape from his presence. She soon contrived to take leave, dexterously planning a call at one of the cottages near the "Harrow," in order to have an excuse for refusing the escort which Original was not slow to offer.

The short afternoon was beginning to close in, and the western sky glowed red through the trees as the two sisters, with Gyp, the deerhound, bounding along in front of them, passed through the little wood or shaw which bordered the lane after they had crossed Stansted Heath. Clemency paused beneath an old yew tree of which she was specially fond, and broke off a little branch which was covered with ripe red berries. Then they walked briskly on, crossing a stile into the park, and entering the garden by a long path bordered by shrubs, commonly known as the Ghost-

walk, owing to the trunk of an old tree, covered with ivy, which in the twilight assumed grotesque shapes and had scared many a wayfarer.

"See," said Hester, as they crossed the small courtyard, "some visitor must have ridden to the door since we left; there are hoof-prints on the ground."

"One of the Evelyns from Godstone or Wotton, maybe," said Clemency, entering the hall, and with some little curiosity turning towards the study. The lamp was already lighted, and the blazing fire dazzled her eyes. For a minute she could not see distinctly.

"I am glad you have returned, Clemency," said her grandfather. "Here is a welcome guest just arrived."

Her colour deepened and spread as, with a sudden rapture of surprise, she perceived, not one of the Evelyns, but Joscelyn Heyworth.

In the first minute of confusion she scarcely realised anything, only knew that once more there passed between them that

glance from soul to soul, that strange consciousness of union which, during the night of the attack on the house, had changed her whole life. When the greetings were over, and, with her fur-bordered cloak and hood thrown aside, she had taken her place by the hearth, she was able to note more quietly the changes that had come over her lover.

For Joscelyn was changed, as every thoughtful man is changed by the first entrance upon a great struggle. He had looked death in the face many times, he had seen strife and bloodshed, had borne hardship and weariness and pain, had chafed under injustice and treacherous betrayal, had been stirred to enthusiasm by the courage and devotion of others. He looked years older, and there was a strength and steadfastness in his expression which did not quench its humorous brightness, but greatly mellowed it.

"Has peace been declared?" asked Clemency, a great hope filling her heart.

"Alas, no," said Joscelyn. "There were

hopes of peace at the end of last week, but little likelihood of it now. The indignation against the King's conduct has waxed greater than ever. His needless insult to your friend, Sir John Evelyn, was seen to be only an excuse to put off the negotiations till the city had been attacked. No one had heard that Sir John was a proclaimed traitor, and it is thought the proclamation was antedated."

"Ay, ay," said Sir Robert, dryly, "such craft is possible enough to those who deem themselves above law."

"Then, too," continued Joscelyn, "all London was furious at the King's treachery in ordering Prince Rupert to attack Brentford when the Parliament had proclaimed a cessation of hostilities, and while his own message, calling God to witness his great desire of peace, and offering to treat in order to avoid further blood-shedding, was actually being read at Westminster."

"What passed at Brentford?" asked Sir Robert. "Were you there?"

"Our regiment was quartered at Ux-

bridge, sir," replied Joscelyn, "and Brentford was occupied only by Colonel Denzil Holles and his brave red-coats, who did so nobly at Edge Hill. The early morning was foggy, and the men were resting under the security of the flag of truce, when suddenly they were surprised by eight regiments of the King's foot and some twenty troops of horse. Colonel Holles, though so vastly outnumbered, held out bravely, and as soon as Colonel Hampden heard the firing he hurried to the rescue with his green-coats, and Lord Brooke did the same with his purple-coats."

"But you must still have been greatly outnumbered?" said Sir Robert, bending eagerly forward, his shrewd old face full of intense interest.

"Yes, sir, desperately. Five times we charged the streets, trying to open a retreat for Colonel Holles and his men, but the King's troops attacked us on all sides. We could but just hold out till my Lord Essex and the trained-bands of the city were in sight, and before they arrived our ammuni-

tion was spent, and all we could do was to fling ourselves into the Thames. Many brave fellows were drowned, many swam to the other bank, some crossed in barges, some in boats, and those that survived joined my Lord Essex, and, returning to Brentford, managed to beat the Royalists through the town and take possession again."

"Did the trained-bands all turn out?" asked Sir Robert.

"Yes, sir; 'twas a grand sight. The feeling against the King was most bitter, and all through the night the trained-bands poured out of the city to block his road. On Sunday morning there were twenty-four thousand men drawn up on Turnham Green, and if only prompt action had been taken the war might perchance have been brought to a successful close. Colonel Hampden and his regiment were despatched to Acton in order to sweep round the King's army and put it between two fires; but we had but just got there when we received the General's orders to return. There was much murmur-

ing among the men. London was saved from the attack planned by the King, his army retiring to Kingston and Reading, but it was like the day after Edge Hill—no decisive blow was struck—a great opportunity was just cast away."

"Colonel Hampden is much dispirited, I fear," said Sir Robert.

"He is very patient and full of loyalty to those in command," replied Joscelyn; "but he is sorely tried by the lack of energy and promptitude. On Sunday, at Acton, he looked for a moment almost heart-broken when we were recalled."

"But is there an armistice?" asked Clemency. "How is it you could leave your regiment?"

"Alas!" said Joscelyn, "I have been forced to leave it, and to exchange into a cavalry regiment; the old injury to my knee has been giving me much trouble ever since the march to Edge Hill, and the surgeons say I shall never be fit to be in the infantry."

"But I thought the officers rode?"

"Only the senior officers—I was but a cornet. Had there been a vacancy in Goodwin's horse I should not regret the change so sorely, for that is generally in company with Colonel Hampden's regiment — but there was none. And now, through Colonel Hampden's good offices, I have been appointed lieutenant to his friend, Sir William Waller; a piece of promotion, but one which I would gladly have renounced had there been a chance of staying in the infantry."

"Are you on your way to join him now?" asked Sir Robert.

"No; I am to return to London by Friday night, to take leave of Colonel Hampden and bear him news of you, sir; and then at Westminster to receive despatches for Sir William Waller and to set off westward."

"I am heartily glad Colonel Hampden persuaded you to come here," said Sir Robert. "If you knew how we had thirsted for something more trustworthy and complete than the vague reports and the news-

letters, you would have needed no persuasion."

"The letter I brought from the Colonel will perhaps explain my hesitation," said Joscelyn, colouring.

"Well, well," said the old man, cheerfully, "I will read it; and meantime you will find your way to your former room, for you will be glad to prepare for supper."

Clemency, having given sundry orders to the servants, returned slowly to the parlour, glad of a moment's solitude in which to enjoy her happiness. That sober talk about treachery and fighting and bloodshed could not quench the rapture which made her eyes shine with a strange new lustre, and wreathed her lips in smiles as she crossed the deserted hall, pausing for a shy glance at the steel cap which hung on the wall, and running away with a mixture of shame and amusement from the sight of her own face mirrored in it.

In the parlour she found her grandfather alone, trying in vain to decipher Hampden's hastily-written letter.

"'Tis of no use," he said. "My eyes are failing, child, and that is the truth. Read it aloud, an you will."

Kneeling by the oaken table, that the lamplight might the better fall on the paper, Clemency read the following lines—

"'DEAR SIR—

"'I have taken upon me to persuade our young friend, Joscelyn Heyworth, to visit you again at Katterham Court, and to bring you the latest news of the war. It is with great sorrow that I part with him from my regiment, but this is rendered necessary by his health. He has to-day learned that he is not, as he deemed, a penniless adventurer, for we chanced in the Strand to meet an acquaintance of his from Lincoln, who gave him the news that his godfather, the late Mr. Gainsborough, had bequeathed to him all his estate, and so he finds himself possessed of comfortable means—just that which Solomon desired of the Lord, 'neither poverty nor riches.' 'Tis not this source of income, I take it, that commends him either

to me or to you, but his nobility in sacrificing home and kindred and the comfortable maintenance he would otherwise have had from his father. I have learnt thoroughly to know him during these months, and 'tis a great hazard, methinks, to see one of so sweet a disposition cast alone upon the world with no natural ties. He needs a home in this distracted land, and the assurance that there are those who care for his welfare and pray for the right guiding of his career. I am so perfectly acquainted with your clear insight into the dispositions of men, that I doubt not you have long ere this discovered all of which I write, and perchance you have already perceived—though he assures me this is impossible — his passion for your grand-daughter.' "

Clemency broke down in utter confusion. Sir Robert laid his hand tenderly on her shoulder.

"Do not blush in that fashion, dear child. Are we not alone? Has Mr. Heyworth spoken of love to you?"

"Never, grandfather; never a word," said Clemency.

"He is an honourable, brave man," said Sir Robert. "But, child, though 'tis hard to ask you to read this, yet I must hear the rest of the letter. Better that you should read it than any other person, and my eyes are too dim."

"There is little more," said Clemency. "Mr. Hampden adds—

"'I am one who owes much to an early and happy marriage, and would fain hope that my friend, Mistress Clemency, may treat this servant less severely than the many she has dismissed. God, who only knows the periods of life and opportunities to come, has designed Joscelyn Heyworth (I hope) for His own service betime, and whether happy in the possession of the love he craves or not, he will, I am well assured, find in his need Him that Joseph found in Egypt, under whose wing alone is perfect safety. Concerning public events, Mr. Heyworth will be able fully to inform you;

time is not mine now. Present my service to fair Mistress Clemency and her sisters.

"'And let me ever be honoured with the style of

"'Your affectionate friend and servant,

"'JOHN HAMPDEN.

"'*Westminster, Nov.* 14, 1642.'"

"Well, my dear, Mr. Heyworth shall speak to you to-morrow," said Sir Robert, "and to-night I will myself broach the subject with him. You will doubtless be glad of a brief time in which to think the matter over."

He kissed her forehead, and Clemency was thankful to be spared any reply, Hester and Prue at that moment entering.

Joscelyn's patience was sorely taxed the next day. Sir Robert had willingly consented that he should speak to Clemency, but everything seemed to combine to hinder them from having five minutes' uninterrupted talk. Mrs. Arbella paid a lengthy morning visit, servants appeared at awkward moments to ask for orders, and as for

Original Sin Smith he seemed to be ubiquitous, appearing in the hall, in the Ghost-walk, in the park, in the withdrawing-room, always with a specious excuse, profound apologies, and a sanctimonious solemnity of manner which made Joscelyn feel inclined to kick him. But when the twelve o'clock dinner was over, Sir Robert kindly took matters into his own hands.

"Clemency," he said, the children and their tutor having left the table, "you might take old Noah Snelling that cure for the rheumatism of which we were speaking last night, and maybe Mr. Heyworth would enjoy a walk this bright day, and would escort you."

So the two set out, shyly enough now that the long-awaited time had come, and, though no one interrupted them, they talked of every subject but the one which was filling their hearts.

Noah's mud hovel was not far from the south-east boundary of the park, half-way down a steep hill, in a wilderness of brambles and brake fern. The old man

was so stiff and crippled that he could hardly stir from his seat by the peat fire, but his eyes gleamed with excitement as he listened to Joscelyn's tale of the war.

"You have a fine country to fight for, young sir," he said, as they bade him farewell, "and may the Almighty grant you a good wife that will keep your heart tender through the strife."

His eyes rested so curiously upon Clemency that her cheeks began to burn, and she was glad to feel the fresh outside air as they left the close little hovel.

"How beautiful it is here," she said, pausing on the steep bridle-path which led up the hill. "See, over yonder is War Coppice and the Pilgrims' Way, as they call it—the path the Canterbury pilgrims went; I like to fancy Chaucer's folk passing along—'the veray parfit gentil knight,' and the clerk who spent all his money on books, and the young squire of twenty years of age, 'as fresh as is the month of May,' with his 'lockes crull' and his flower-broidered clothes."

"And the prioress," said Joscelyn, "with her brooch of gold on which was writ '*Amor vincit omnia.*' But best of all," he added, offering his hand to help her over the rough ground, "I like to think of two latter-day pilgrims on a longer and more serious pilgrimage. Tell me, do you think you could be willing to fulfil old Noah's prophecy, and keep my heart tender through the strife?"

"It needs it not," said Clemency, glancing up into the eyes that were eagerly regarding her; "'tis tender already."

"'Twill not long be so without your help," he said. "You little know from what already you have guarded me, or how unworthy I feel to offer you my heart. 'Tis presumptuous to hope where so many have failed—yet——"

"Do not speak of the others!" said Clemency, her eyes flashing with a scorn which astonished him. "There was not one disinterested lover among them all. Most of them loved my inheritance; perchance two or three loved my face; not one loved me!—not one!"

"How can I prove that my love is true?" said Joscelyn, eagerly.

"You cannot prove it," she replied.

There was a silence; they walked together over the springy turf, picking their way among the brake fern. Joscelyn, not understanding these last words, had grown grave; when they passed into the lane, and there was no longer any excuse for helping her, he relinquished her hand. Then, quickly, yet with a gentle grace indescribable, she deliberately stretched out her hand again and put it in his.

"You cannot prove it," she repeated. "But I do not want proof."

He bent over the hand that had put itself so trustfully in his, and kissed it with a reverence and devotion which no words could have expressed. And Clemency, weary of suitors who did "protest too much," gave her whole heart to this wordless lover, and was at rest.

It was a late season, and a few crimson and gold leaves still lingered on the overarching trees; away in the distance, framed

by the elms and oaks, one could see the roofs and chimneys of the little village. Close by, an old yew tree stood out darkly above a bank covered with sun-dried moss.

"Let us rest here," said Joscelyn, loth to leave the quiet little wood; "why should we hasten home?"

"Yes, let us stay," said Clemency. "I love this old tree. Only yesterday I gathered a spray from it covered with berries, little thinking how light my heart would be when I again passed by."

Joscelyn wrapped a fold of his cloak about her as they sat hand in hand on the bank. "You were not light-hearted then?" he asked.

She gave him a sweet, shy glance, which clearly said, "How could I be when I knew not what was befalling you?"

"I was thinking of war and death," she added, aloud, "and of this old tree as the symbol of both. But now 'tis the symbol of love and joy to us."

"And yet a reminder that our love and joy begins in troubled times," said Joscelyn,

thoughtfully. "My beloved, are you wise to give your heart to one pledged to serve the country—pledged to fight till liberty be gained?"

"Could I love you were you not pledged?" said Clemency. "Surely not so well, Joscelyn. Was it not the good cause that first taught us to know each other?"

"'Tis true. Yet—to love you—and to leave you——"

He broke off, his whole face shadowed. Then with an effort he called back his cheerfulness. "We will not spoil the present with forebodings," he said, resolutely. "This yew tree shade makes one think of churchyards, and of the old Britons who, they say, planted the yews for making their bows. But what do we care for omens?"

"Nay," said Clemency, "let it be our good omen—the sign of that which outlasts time and change, the sign of immortality."

Her thought seemed to fill him with light and comfort. Love had but just begun for them, and it was eternal; the perils and wars, the strife and separation of time, could

not cast more than a passing shadow over their pure happiness. And while overhead the robins sang their autumn song and the golden leaves floated silently down to the ground, these two, in the rapture of Love's spring-time, began to understand something of the true meaning of life.

## CHAPTER XII.

It is the glory of Puritanism that it found its highest work in the strengthening of the will.

S. R. Gardiner.

On the following Sunday, early in the morning, a little party of horsemen might have been seen in another part of Surrey making their way from London to the head-quarters of Sir William Waller's army. In front rode Joscelyn, accompanied by no other than Original Sin Smith; behind came Jack Morrison and three new recruits who had joined them at Westminster. Original had suddenly received what he termed "a divine call" to enter the Parliamentary army, and Joscelyn, willing to do anything for one connected with Katterham, had taken some pains to procure him an outfit and the necessary introductions, at the same

time trying to conquer a certain prejudice against the man which he felt but could not explain.

"The Almighty has highly favoured you," said Original, in his sanctimonious voice. "Not only have you received many choice blessings, but you are entrusted with these important missives from the Close Committee to Sir William Waller, in itself an honour for one so young—a sign, too, of the trust you inspire."

"Nay," said Joscelyn, who could appreciate praise, but had a contemptuous loathing for flattery, "I was merely the messenger most ready to hand. Honest Jack Morrison would have borne them just as well."

"They would scarce have told a common soldier the key to the cipher," said Original. And then he launched into a discussion on writing in cipher, not without many a veiled attempt to discover from his companion the key to the packet he bore to Sir William.

Joscelyn was not responsive, however; he seemed much more interested in studying the country than in discoursing of ciphers,

and Original began to rally him on his fit of abstraction.

"Well, well," the ex-tutor remarked, "'tis natural enough for one in love to be deaf to questions."

Joscelyn smiled. "In truth, I was thinking rather of old times," he replied. "Do you see the elm trees over yonder? That is Farnham Park; we are in the neighbourhood of my home. What do you say? Shall we bait our horses at the Bush in Farnham?"

Original thought it would be a good plan and they entered the little country town and were just turning their horses under the archway of the inn when Joscelyn suddenly drew back, for in the square yard of the Bush he perceived to his dismay a number of his father's troop of horse, and, worst of all, caught sight of Jervis himself standing booted and spurred at the entrance to the bar.

If only it had been Dick there would have been little risk of a disturbance, but from the bitter hostility of Jervis no truce was to be

expected. Hastily retreating, Joscelyn gave the word to make all speed to the Holt Forest, and the men, aware that they were vastly outnumbered, urged on their tired horses and galloped up the quiet street, startling the inhabitants, who came hurrying to their doors and windows to see what caused the excitement. The bells were ringing for morning service, and, as they approached the opening called Church Passage, Joscelyn glanced back along the street they had traversed to see if there were signs of pursuit. To his dismay he found that the Borough was already crowded, and in the sunlight could see the flash of helmets and pikes and the flutter of red ribbons.

He shouted to his men to push onward; faster and yet faster they galloped up the long length of West Street, past red-tiled houses, past a row of pollarded limes, past thatched cottages, but ever with the despairing consciousness that the Royalist troop was fast gaining on them. Two or three shots were fired, the bullets whizzed past them; if they could but get clear of the

town and gain the open country there was yet a chance of escape. Just, however, as they reached the Plough, an inn on the outskirts of the town, a bullet struck Joscelyn's horse; it plunged, struggled wildly for a minute, and finally fell beneath him. Then the true character of Original Sin Smith all at once revealed itself. He glanced from his captain to the Cavaliers, drove the spurs into his steed, and bounded over the hedge of the nearest hop-ground.

When Joscelyn gained his feet he found that the four other men had formed in front of him, and, summoning up all his resolution, he gave the word to fire on the attacking party. His voice sounded hoarse and unlike his own. Had it not been for the thought of the despatches he bore and of his duty to deliver them safely at all costs, no power on earth would have dragged the words from his lips. The men fired; but the next minute they were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, and Sir Thomas shouted to them to yield on quarter.

The three recruits, seeing that resistance

was hopeless, allowed themselves to be taken; Joscelyn on foot, with his back to the wall of the inn, resisted to the last, and Morrison did not fail his master until his horse was killed beneath him, and in the confusion he was made prisoner.

"Yield, in God's name," cried Sir Thomas.

But Joscelyn showed no signs of yielding. Perhaps the Hampshire Volunteers, who all knew him and loved him, were not over-skilful in their attack, for he parried every thrust, until Jervis, with an oath, pressed forward and dealt him a terrific blow on the head. With a stifled groan he fell to the ground, and Dick flung himself from his horse and rushed towards him.

"You have killed him," cried the boy, in an agony of grief.

Sir Thomas did not speak a word; he dared not trust his voice, neither could he trust himself to dismount, for he was trembling like a palsied man. He looked enviously at Dick as the boy unfastened Joscelyn's helmet, lifted the drooping head on his knee, and bent over the still white face.

"He is no more dead, sir, than the devil," said Jervis, scornfully; "a blow like that could only stun him. Bring forward the prisoners. Where were you going this Sunday morning in such hot haste?"

"We were going to join Sir William Waller's army, sir," said one of the recruits.

"Where did you come from?"

"From Westminster," replied the man.

"Doubtless they bear despatches," said Jervis, with a look of satisfaction. "This day's work, sir, will prove useful, an I mistake not," he observed, turning to his father. "The men's faces bear out my idea. Stand back, Dick, and let me search this cock-a-hoop young captain."

"You shall not touch him," protested Dick; "it is unfair."

"A plague on your scruples—all's fair in love and war. Stand back, I say."

But Dick did not stir.

"He is coming to himself; wait till he can answer a question. Are you much hurt, Joscelyn?"

"My head," said Joscelyn, confusedly.

"What startled the horses? Where is Clemency? She was here but now."

"You are thinking of that day at Katterham," said Dick, "before this accursed war began. Look up—we are in Farnham Street."

With a dawning recollection Joscelyn opened his eyes, caught sight of the party of horsemen, caught sight of Jervis in the fore-front regarding him with an expression of scornful curiosity—caught sight of his father waiting with averted face at a little distance.

This last sight gave him so sharp a pang, that even Jervis was struck by the sudden look of pain which could not be hid.

"He is more hurt than I thought for," he remarked, drawing nearer. "Dick, you fool, I tell you he is my prisoner, not yours," and disregarding Joscelyn's half-conscious effort at resistance, Jervis deliberately unfastened his armour and his buff coat, and in triumph drew forth a pocket-case and promptly opened it. "Despatches for Sir William Waller; just as I thought," he

cried. "But in cipher—of which, no doubt, the bearer holds the key."

Joscelyn, with Dick's help, had now struggled to his feet. He looked appealingly towards his father.

"Come," urged Jervis, impatiently, "do you intend to keep us all day here? What is the key to this cipher? Say but that, and you are free to go."

"Do you expect me to turn traitor?" asked Joscelyn, indignantly.

"You are a traitor already!" said Sir Thomas, passionately. "Here is an opportunity to return to your allegiance and to serve your King."

"Why did not you let me die?" said Joscelyn, turning to Dick; "it would have saved us from this."

Dick, with an eager appeal in his eyes, approached his father.

"Sir, he has surely suffered enough. For God's sake let him pass. You have the despatches—now let him go."

"What!" cried Sir Thomas, all the more vehemently because Dick's words coincided

with his own desire, "would you have me favour my own son when he is false to his King? Nay, indeed, let me rather follow the example of Brutus. Jervis, these prisoners had best be taken to Farnham Castle, and Sir John Denham will know how to deal with—with the bearer of this treasonable packet."

Jervis assented.

"Sir John may bring him to reason," he said, "and he appears to enjoy showing off the split in the family. Come, Joscelyn, you shall have it to your liking and be made a spectacle to men and angels. Buckle all five prisoners to your stirrup-leathers, my men, and let them walk in the usual way; but lest the good folk of Farnham should be scandalised, their officer had best not be stripped."

"Sir," protested poor Dick, almost broken-hearted at this speech, "you cannot permit Joscelyn to be dragged through the town in such a fashion. He is still suffering from the blow and unfit for it."

But Sir Thomas had steeled his heart to

resist all tenderness to the culprit, and Dick only met with a rebuff. All he could do was to get a few words aside with Joscelyn.

"Here is your sword," he said, returning it to the scabbard. "No one has yet ordered you to yield it; and see what a dint Jervis made in your helmet."

"I cannot bear the weight of it," said Joscelyn, faintly; "my head aches too much. Give the helmet to my servant."

"If I could only save you from this vile treatment!"

"You cannot," he replied. "But it is good to see you, dear old Dick. There is much I would ask you were my head but clear."

"Now, sir," said a burly soldier approaching him, and Joscelyn had to submit to be strapped to the stirrup of a man whom he recognized as the son of the Shortell blacksmith. At any other time he would have perceived with satisfaction and some amusement the man's intense dislike to the work he was set to, but now he was too miserable in mind and body to observe it. Bareheaded,

with pale, stern face, his right hand clutching for support at the mane of the horse, he walked down the street. The way was lined with people, every gibe, every rough word reached him, and he heard all as it were with Dick's ears as well as with his own.

"Good Lord! 'tis one of the Heyworths!" "Ay, ay, the one that turned traitor." "Dragged his father's name in the mud." "A pestilent Roundhead." "A sneaking hypocrite." "Look at him now!" "He's not gained much by his treason!" "Down with all rebels!"

Joscelyn turned a shade paler, but as the horrible hooting and groaning grew more clamorous, he shook back the long hair from his face and drew himself up with an unconscious dignity of demeanour which was not lost on Sir Thomas.

"All the time he is the best of the lads," thought the poor old father. Then, as Jervis rode up to him, he inquired what was amiss, for the procession had come to a halt.

"Sir John Denham has been seen to pass on horseback from the Borough to Downing

Street," said Jervis. "They say he goes by the eastern gate to church. If we dismount here and go up this passage we shall doubtless meet him in the churchyard."

The six bells had ceased chiming, only the big bell tolled solemnly as the strange cavalcade walked up the narrow alley and along the flagged pathway between the graves. Sir John Denham was just disappearing into the north door as the Heyworths came into sight; but Jervis was not to be baulked.

"There will be time to make over the prisoners before service begins," he said, hurrying into the church. "I will prepare Sir John."

The congregation was already assembled, but talking was not then considered unsuitable in the nave, and Jervis found no difficulty in explaining all to the governor of the Castle, a middle-aged man, with a sensual mouth and a high, intellectual forehead. He was sitting in one of the front seats near the pulpit, and came out into the middle aisle to speak to Jervis, watching with some

interest the strange procession that had entered the church and was now approaching him. Sir Thomas trying to seem unconscious and disdainful; Dick miserable and haggard,—looking as if he wished the ground would open and swallow him; and behind them the unwilling soldier leading the young Parliamentary officer, whose buff coat, tawny orange scarf, and wealth of golden hair only served to make his pallor the more noticeable.

That he should be dragged into the presence of this peaceful congregation, that the bitter hostility of his father and brother should be carried even into the house of God, seemed to Joscelyn the last drop in his cup of bitterness. Farnham Church, moreover, was full of memories for him. It was here that he and Dick had been confirmed five years before, and the contrast of the present sharp division struck both of them very painfully. Then, although the people did not hoot him as those in the street had done, their silent surprise and their looks of scorn and disapproval were almost more

hard to endure. For Joscelyn was no seasoned warrior, neither was he clothed with that utter self-forgetfulness which makes some men practically invulnerable. He was very young, very sensitive, very fond of popularity; the ordeal by fire would have pained him infinitely less than this walk up the middle aisle of the church. The people in the transepts and the chancel stood up on the benches that they might stare the better, the occupants of the side aisles craned their necks forward to see this unusual sight; Joscelyn was conscious of it all, yet the worst pang awaited him.

"Sir John, as the governor of Farnham Castle I deliver to your hands five prisoners of war," said Sir Thomas, in a voice which betrayed nothing of his real emotion. "Four of them wait without; their captain, formerly my son, but now a disinherited rebel, will yield up his sword to you."

A wave of burning colour surged over Joscelyn's face; the more generous among the congregation felt genuine pity for him, as he unfastened his sword, and in silence,

with the look of one cut to the heart, handed it to Sir John Denham.

"The Rector comes, gentlemen," said the clerk, bustling up and motioning them to their places.

Joscelyn glanced at his father; their eyes met, but there was no relenting in Sir Thomas's face, though all the time his sympathy was with the son whom in words he had disowned, and probably he had never loved him better than at this moment. As for the prisoner—having met that cold gaze he saw nothing clearly for some time; he staggered a little as he stood; the floor of the church seemed to rise and fall like the deck of a ship. Then he felt a strong hand grasping his arm.

"Come to a seat," whispered Dick. "The service is beginning—at least we are together in this."

"Dick is still faithful to me," thought Joscelyn, yet, nevertheless, the cruel words, "formerly my son," rankled bitterly in his heart. He knelt down in the place to which Dick had guided him, conscious of a

sort of relief in being able to bury his face in his hands.

Then, in strange contrast to what had passed before, the voice of the Rector of Farnham rang through the old church.

"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him: neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in His laws which He set before us." "Dearly beloved brethren——"

Joscelyn heard no more of the exhortation; still kneeling, with hidden face, he had passed beyond the thought of the present distress and separation, and had firmly grasped the idea of an eternal kinship which was absolutely indestructible —a kinship against which the passing blows of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness were powerless to prevail.

Sir Thomas and many of the people were much surprised when the prisoner, who had knelt from the beginning of the service like one too miserable and crushed to heed what was passing, stood up promptly the moment

the *Venite* was given out, singing as if he did indeed "heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation." They were utterly puzzled — Dick alone understood, and realised that it was just what might have been expected of Joscelyn.

It is to be feared that very few paid much attention to the Rector's long and learned sermon. The people were occupied in staring at the prisoner. Old Sir Thomas mused sadly over his son's political views, and wondered how it could have come to pass that a child of his should make the disastrous mistake of fighting for that misleading will-o'-the-wisp called Liberty and freedom of conscience, when Church, father, and self-interest, all would have urged him to think only of the Divine right of kings. With bitterness of soul he watched the resolute face of the prisoner, and asked himself what he had done that this grievous trial should be laid upon him by one of his own children.

"I have been no Eli, weakly spoiling the lads," he thought. "I have been loyal to

my God and to my King, and yet the flower of the flock has left my fold."

Jervis, on the other hand, was absorbed in plans for his brother's further humiliation; Dick was wondering how he could best secure a talk with Joscelyn at the Castle; and Joscelyn himself sat with closed eyes, rigidly still, hearing no single word that was said, but living over again a hundred past scenes.

When the Rector ceased and the congregation rose he started up in confusion, returning to a very miserable consciousness of all that awaited him. Jervis's unbrotherly plan was, however, frustrated. Sir John Denham took no heed of his suggestion, but motioning to a young officer of his party, who had watched the proceedings with considerable interest, spoke a few words in his ear, and then introduced him courteously to Joscelyn.

"My kinsman—Mr. Arthur Denham—will take charge of you, Mr. Heyworth," he said.

No one could have desired a more

pleasant gaoler, and Joscelyn ran the gauntlet of the spectators both in church and churchyard with but little discomfort, for he walked between Dick and the governor's young kinsman, who seemed bent on making things easy for him. At the eastern gate of the churchyard there was a brief pause; he suddenly remembered that he might not see Dick again, and, passing his hand over his aching forehead, tried hard to collect his thoughts.

"I am losing what may be our last moments together," he said, miserably; "yet for the life of me, Dick, I can't talk."

"You are still feeling the effects of the blow, and no wonder," said Dick. "You look fit for nothing but bed. As for talking, we may yet, with Mr. Denham's permission, get time for that presently at the Castle, to which, if I can prevent it, you shall not be dragged on foot."

"Faith! I should think not," said Arthur Denham, his brown eyes kindling and his dark face flushing at the remembrance of Sir John's hurried account of Jervis Hey-

worth's malice. "My horse is at your disposal," he said, looking with mingled curiosity and sympathy at his prisoner. "Or, stay, here is my brother William, who will be glad enough to lend his."

William Denham, a clever-looking lad of seventeen, was only too happy to be released from attendance on his kinsman, the governor. He cared nothing for politics, being a keen naturalist, and far more intent on securing moths and butterflies than prisoners of war. With much satisfaction he received his brother's permission to go down to the river after some specimens he was bent on finding, and Joscelyn, mounting his horse, was taken through the town, past the familiar market-place, and up the broad, picturesque Castle Street.

## CHAPTER XIII.

And there is a frown of hate,
  And there is a frown of disdain,
And there is a frown of frowns
  Which you strive to forget in vain.
BLAKE.

FARNHAM CASTLE, one of the fortresses built during the Civil Wars in the reign of King Stephen, had for some time been the residence of the Bishops of Winchester, but at the beginning of the war it had been turned into a garrison by the King's Commissioners of Array. It was a most imposing building, with its old grey walls, its more modern entrance tower and keep of red brickwork ornamented with lozenges of blue, and its gate-house, where a practised eye would have discovered a vulnerable point of attack. The afternoon had clouded

over and the place looked gloomy and forbidding enough. Joscelyn's heart sank as he passed up the stone steps which led under a porch to the main entrance, and glanced at the warders and men-at-arms and wondered whether the Castle was strongly garrisoned.

Sir John Denham, who had entered first with Sir Thomas Heyworth and Jervis, turned towards his prisoner as he came into the old banqueting-hall, addressing him very pleasantly.

"I am sorry," he said, "to be in the position of gaoler to you, Captain Heyworth; but we will endeavour to make your confinement as little irksome as may be, if you will give us your word not to attempt to escape."

Joscelyn thanked him, and gave the necessary promise.

"I see you are much spent," said Sir John. "Let us dine at once, and afterwards I will put a few questions to you."

"Pardon me, Sir John," said old Sir Thomas, his colour rising and his voice

trembling, "but I must decline to sit down to table with that rebel. I beg that you will examine him at once as to the treasonable correspondence, and then I and my two sons will go on to Shortell."

Joscelyn winced. The speech made him feel as if he were a sort of leper.

"Pray do not think of continuing your journey to-day," said Sir John. "I will, if you please, question Captain Heyworth at once and he can dine elsewhere, but I cannot permit you to leave us so hastily. You will all, I hope, be my guests, at any rate till the morrow."

Sir Thomas was fain to consent to this arrangement; Dick brightened a little, foreseeing that he was now secure of some hours with his brother; but Joscelyn was too wretched to take any comfort from the thought. His father's persistent enmity weighed heavily on him; moreover, something in the great hall, with its old windows and its dark oak galleries, made him think of Hampden House, and he felt a sick

longing for the presence of his leader, with his genial face and winning manner and strong, wise sympathy. A sense of utter loneliness overpowered him as, obeying a signal from Sir John Denham, he followed him across the flagged floor to the open hearth where, upon the brass dogs, lay a heap of blazing wood. On the chimney-piece was traced the legend, "*A Dieu Foi aux amis foyer.*" Sir Thomas and the governor took their places on the oak settle drawn up to the left side of the fire, Jervis stood behind them, and a little in the background, near a low side-gallery, were Arthur Denham and Dick. Facing them all stood Joscelyn, alone.

"Now, Captain Heyworth," said the governor, taking up the small letter-case which Jervis had discovered; "this communication, which I see is in cipher, is directed to Sir William Waller, and was found upon your person. I know that you and your men came yesterday from Westminster; from whose hands did you receive this?"

"From the hands of Mr. Pym," replied Joscelyn.

At the hated name of Pym the faces of all present changed. Sir Thomas swore a great oath, and Sir John Denham's manner became a little less urbane.

"King Pym!" he ejaculated, glancing towards Jervis, who, with scarcely-veiled triumph, stood watching Joscelyn's troubled face.

"Was any one else present?"

"Mr. John Hampden."

"No one beside?"

"No, sir."

"Were you made acquainted with the contents of the missive?"

"I was not."

"Do you know the key to this cipher?"

Joscelyn made no reply.

"I repeat, were you entrusted with the key?"

Still Joscelyn kept silence. His eyes were fixed on the flagged floor, his face had grown set and stern.

"Your silence gives consent," said Sir

John, irritated by the prisoner's obstinacy. "I fully understand that you can read the despatch."

"Sir, that is precisely what I cannot do," said Joscelyn, looking up and speaking emphatically.

"Yet you know the key."

"Yes."

"And cannot read the letter?" said Sir John, sarcastically.

"No, for 'tis against my honour and conscience to do so."

"Honour!" broke in Sir Thomas. "Oh, ye gods! that such as you should dare to speak of honour!"

Sir John turned with a laugh to Jervis.

"Your good brother Zeal-of-the-land Busy is indeed 'zealous for the cause.'"

"'As a dog for a bone,'" retorted Jervis, readily taking up the quotation from *Bartholomew Fair*.

"I wish, my good fellow," said the governor, turning with his mocking smile to the prisoner, "that you would think less of your own honour, and, instead, obey the

Bible precept, 'Honour the king,' by furnishing us with this key."

Indignation lit up Joscelyn's face; with dilated eyes and a voice whose vibrating tones wakened responsive echoes in Dick's heart, he turned passionately to the governor.

"I will try, sir, to 'honour all men,' but it is hard to honour those who deliberately tempt a messenger to be false to a trust."

Sir John looked uncomfortable.

"You forget, Captain Heyworth," he said, after a brief pause, "that we are living in times of war. In most countries, one in your position would be tortured for refusing to read this despatch; even here there are some who would perchance employ torture."

"Certainly," said Jervis, "worthy men employed it but a few years since. Time is saved, valuable information gained, and no one is the worse; the prisoner merely suffers for a few minutes instead of dragging through weeks or months of imprisonment."

"Yes, I would have you consider that thought of imprisonment," said the governor. "For although I will certainly do my best

for you here, yet elsewhere you will meet with less lenient governors; months or years of imprisonment at your age will be no light punishment."

Then Dick suddenly started forward, his eyes full of tears.

"Joscelyn," he cried, "for God's sake, yield! Don't you see that you are in their power, that they can do anything with you?"

"What, you, Dick, even you?" said Joscelyn, reproachfully. His face grew whiter, his lips quivered with pain.

"We do but waste time," said Jervis, impatiently. "Really, Sir John, 'tis hard that loyal gentlemen should be kept waiting for dinner. Will you not order the roast from the kitchen and the thumbscrew from the armoury?"

He laughed at his own pleasantry, but no one else even smiled. Old Sir Thomas, however, started to his feet and fixed his keen blue eyes on Joscelyn.

"Torture is illegal," he said, in a voice which trembled with strong feeling. "But

I understand that it is still lawful for a father to curse his son. May the Almighty desert you in the day of judgment as you have deserted your King, may He turn from you as you have turned from me—may my curse——"

He was interrupted.

"Do you say that torture is illegal?" cried Joscelyn, in a voice that rang through the hall; "do you think you are not torturing me?"

The silence that followed was broken by a gasping sound like the sob of a hunted animal, and Sir Thomas Heyworth's curse was never completed, for the prisoner staggered, then fell heavily to the ground, where he lay like one dead.

The old baronet, assuming an air of indifference, dropped back to his former position on the oak settle, and made a show of warming himself at the fire. But his thoughts were all the time with Joscelyn, and not a detail of the scene escaped him when the men-at-arms roughly lifted up the prisoner and bore him out of the hall. He

saw the helpless droop of the head, the deathly face; he saw too, with a pang of wrath, the ends of the orange scarf—the symbol of their division — sweeping the white flag-stones as the men moved towards the door. Arthur Denham followed, and Dick clearly longed to follow too, but this was more than Sir Thomas could endure. He would fain have gone himself, but that Dick should enjoy what he felt bound to forego was intolerable. He called him sharply back, and the boy, with a look of misery which moved Sir John Denham's compassion, was forced to obey.

"Bide your time," said Sir John, in a good-natured aside. "You shall see your brother later on. Pity that so gallant a youth should be on the wrong side!"

In the meantime Joscelyn began to be dimly conscious that he was being carried up a winding staircase, then along a passage. Finally, above the tramp of his bearers, he heard a voice saying—

"To the inner room; lay him on my bed."

There seemed to be some question about keeping guard, for the same voice replied—

"No need: he is on parole. You may go."

Then the door closed, and he thought himself alone till he felt a hand deftly unfastening his gorget and untying the strings of his collar.

"Dick," he murmured, without opening his eyes.

"You shall see him by and by," said the same voice.

Joscelyn looked up and met the gaze of a pair of kindly brown eyes, which lighted up a thoughtful, refined face shaded by dark curls.

For a minute he was perplexed; then all that had passed flashed back into his mind, and a spasm of pain convulsed his face.

"I remember now," he said, with a shudder. "This is Farnham Castle. They said they were not torturing me. What"—he gave a short laugh much like a sob—"what do you think?"

"I thought it was worse than the thumb-

screw," said Arthur Denham. "But don't speak of it. It is over, and some amongst us honoured you for your resistance, though it made us wish all the more that you were on our side. But you are faint. I will tell them to bring you food and wine."

"I could not eat," said Joscelyn; "my head aches too much."

Arthur Denham went into the adjoining room, and, filling a goblet with water, brought it to his charge. Then, promising to bring Dick at the first opportunity, he left the prisoner and returned to the banqueting-hall, where he was beset by questions.

"As for his head, I am responsible for that," said Jervis. "It would have been more to the purpose had I hit a trifle harder. In a brain fever he might easily have parted with the secret of this cipher."

"Well, well," said Sir John, "leave him to me. If you invoke the aid of Bacchus, who knows but the hospitality of Farnham Castle may bring about the discovery. He is not the sort of lad to yield to threats."

Jervis laughed, but Sir Thomas looked ill-pleased, and hardly spoke throughout the meal. By and by, when the servants had withdrawn, and both Sir John Denham and Jervis were far from sober, he made an excuse to leave the table, and, beckoning Arthur Denham to the end of the hall, asked to be taken to the prisoner.

"After all, perchance Sir John is right, and we went the wrong way to work with the lad; I have been, perhaps, over-harsh with him," he said. "I will try what argument will do."

"Heaven help the poor fellow!" thought Arthur Denham. "I would as lief argue with a mule as with Sir Thomas."

But it was impossible to make any objection to the proposal of the old baronet, and having taken him to the door of the outer room, the young man left him to his own devices and returned to the gallery to talk things over with Dick.

Sir Thomas closed the door of the anteroom behind him and listened for a moment. All was still; the door of the inner room

had been left open: he passed quietly in and looked round. On the bed in the corner lay Joscelyn. Worn out with all that he had gone through he had fallen fast asleep, and he lay now in that absolute calm which smoothes out of the face all care, anxiety, and distress; he looked the veriest boy, utterly unlike the harassed man who had stood but an hour ago in the banqueting-hall.

"His youth is an excuse," thought Sir Thomas. "He has been led astray by wily deceivers. I shall surely convince him by patient argument. If I can but be patient! Wake, my son, wake!" he cried.

But Joscelyn did not stir.

"So sound asleep," thought Sir Thomas. "Only a boy could sleep like that. What would I not give for the power! Sir John shall not try to corrupt him. I will not hear of it. Not that he could succeed. Joscelyn has too much self-control; with Jervis it would be easy enough. Great God! why was it not Jervis who forsook

me? Why was it the best of the lads—the very best? But I will convince him yet. I will show him his error. Wake up, Joscelyn," he repeated, laying a hand on his shoulder. "Wake up, my son!"

Joscelyn opened his eyes, caught sight of his father's softened face, felt the pressure of his hand, and with a rapturous sense of relief thought their estrangement was at an end.

"Father!" he cried, springing up, "I knew it could not separate us. Thank God, you have come!"

"You see your mistake?" asked Sir Thomas, eagerly. "You will join me in fighting for the right?"

The light died out of Joscelyn's face. Overwhelmed with disappointment he turned away.

"Alas," he said, "that is the very point on which we differ."

"But how is it possible to differ as to actual right and wrong?" said Sir Thomas, with a desperate effort at patience. "All truth-loving, God-fearing people must think

alike as to the duty of loyalty to the King and to the Church."

"But when they see the King and the Church false to their trust—abusing their position—then they must defend the right," said Joscelyn.

"False to their trust, do you say?" cried Sir Thomas, furiously. "You presumptuous, arrogant fool! The powers that be are ordained of God. Do you not remember the words of the Apostle?"

"Nevertheless God brought to an end the rule of the very emperors of whom the Apostle wrote," said Joscelyn.

"Would you compare our most Christian sovereign to the Cæsars?" cried Sir Thomas, "our most religious and gracious King! I tell you your views are abominable! The King can do no wrong."

"You say so," said Joscelyn, bitterly. "Yet had we been as untruthful even as mere lads, you would have flogged us. His Majesty keeps faith neither with friends nor foes."

Sir Thomas strode up and down the room,

making heroic efforts to restrain his anger. "I must be calm—I will be calm," he thought. "He is deceived. I must try to reason with him. Others are more to be blamed who have filled his head with these false notions of liberty. I will entreat him to return while yet there is time. The boy loves me. He will surely see his error and turn, if I can but humble myself to entreat him."

He glanced towards the window. The room was in an angle of the tower, above the great door, and Joscelyn stood looking out over the moat and the battlemented walls, and across the bare hop-grounds to the green hills beyond. In the valley between lay the picturesque little town of Farnham, the low white tower of the church rising above the clustering, red-tiled houses. The bells were ringing for afternoon service: their cheerful sound fell strangely and sadly on the prisoner's ear; the dreary conviction that nothing in this world could ever make men of one mind, that to the end of time there must be

divided households, took strong possession of him. For a while he lost sight of the deeper truth, and forgot the uniting bond of eternal kinship.

"Joscelyn," said his father, speaking very gently, "I have been perchance over-harsh with you. At home, in the heat of the moment, I treated you with much severity. I came up here thinking to argue quietly with you, but we Heyworths are ill at that sort of work, and are betrayed by our hot tempers. There yet remains one way which, with God's blessing, may move you to repent and take the right side. I empty myself of all pride and entreat you, my son. If you have any reverence, any love for me, I beg you to show it by giving up your rebellious schemes, by refusing to fight any longer with these blind leaders of the blind. By the love I have shown you all these years I implore you, my son."

Once more the tortured, hunted look came back to Joscelyn's eyes; he sank down on the window-seat, and buried his face in his hands.

Sir Thomas could see that tears were dropping slowly down between his fingers; the sight encouraged him.

"I thought you would respond to that," he said, laying his hand kindly on the bent head. "I thought you were not wanting in loyalty and in love to me. Let us forget the past. You shall have a place in my troop. We will work together."

Joscelyn started to his feet, and dashed the tears from his eyes.

"Wait! wait! You mistake me, sir. For God's sake, father, believe me when I tell you that I love and honour you, and, as far as may be, will always serve you. But I cannot prove it by being false to my conscience. I cannot give up my most firm convictions."

There was a painful silence. Once more the big bell of the church tolled sadly and solemnly, as it had tolled when Joscelyn was brought a prisoner through the churchyard.

The glow of hope faded from Sir Thomas's face, a hard look dawned in his eyes. "I have tried to save you," he said, hoarsely,

"but you persist in your wilful opposition. It is useless to say more. Don't talk of love and reverence; give me deeds, not words. You cannot care for me, or you would not persist in this wicked, headstrong rebellion."

Joscelyn stood absolutely silent; of what use were further protestations? The bitterness of death seemed to surge over him, while from below the great bell in the valley tolled with solemn, heavy monotony. Sir Thomas, torn with conflicting emotions, looked despairingly at the dauntless face opposite him, at one moment constrained to admiration, at the next filled with wrath and grief, and above all with his strong family pride mortally wounded.

"I have humiliated myself for naught," he said at length, with intense bitterness. "I now finally disown you; from henceforth you are no more my son."

Joscelyn choked back his emotion. His voice rang strangely; there was a touch of triumph in his tone.

"You may disown me in words, sir," he

said, "but kinship is just the one thing that never can in truth fail."

Sir Thomas could endure no more. With a curse—inarticulate from its very vehemence—he strode out of the room, banging the outer door behind him.

END OF VOLUME I.

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